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Weekly Newsmagazine

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A DIRTY JOB

BUT CANADIANS ARE IN AFGHANISTAN TO DO IT

BY SALLY ARMSTRONG in Kandahar

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Cover photo by David Johnson/Courtesy Agence France Presse; (over story) Thomas Anderson/Courtesy Agence; (right) for Mike Maclellan, courtesy Bob Maclellan



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From the Editor

Far from home, in different ways

Almost all of the time, a good thing about working at a weekly newspaper is the opportunity to follow our own agenda at our own pace. At *Maclean's*, by contrast, journalists live in an enduring fear of having their scores overrun by events the moment the press run starts. But on occasions such as this week, we also sometimes confront that dilemma. All of which is to explain why you won't read about the Olympic men's hockey final result in the print version of *Maclean's*—it took place on Sunday, the day we go to press. For Sports Editor James Doonan's report on the game, go to some *Maclean's*—where you can also view our Salt Lake City Olympic photo gallery, and different reports on events by Doonan and our other Olympic correspondents, Vancouver Bureau Chief Ken MacQueen.

That aside, the Salt Lake City Games can be remembered as an event that started with disappointments for Canada, but ended with some upshot notes. One of the brightest, of course, was our women's hockey team and its 3-2 upset of the United States; overnight, the victory brought awareness of the high level of the players' skills to millions of fans. Their intricate playmaking, deft puck-handling and overall wide-open style brings to mind the way NHL hockey was played about half a century ago, before players became so much bigger, and before coaches fell in love with the neutral zone trap and dump-and-chase defensive hockey. Something else about Olympic hockey after seeing the 15-second play stoppage rule used in fast-moving, two-hour games, why can't the NHL do the same?

Meanwhile, our cover story deals with Canada's involvement on a more painful international front—serving alongside U.S. troops in Afghanistan. Contributing



A dog's life, at an Afghanistan airstrip

Editor Sally Armstrong, who provides a first-hand look at life on the ground for our troops, has visited the country repeatedly in recent years, sometimes as journalist, and sometimes in her other role as a special representative for UNICEF. Her report from Kandahar airport—which, ironically, was built by Americans in the early 1950s—reminded me of my experience landing there 11 years ago on a Soviet-sponsored troop carrier coming in from Kabul. A cosmopolitan sight at both airports: dogs, working alone in front of cargo planes or cutting up, unperturbed or maybe seduced by the roar of turbo engines, beneath the planes' wings once they parked. The dogs hang about, a pilot explained, because they had a better chance at the airport than anywhere else of picking up food scraps and avoiding beatings. I haven't visited Armstrong if the dogs are still around, but they're as good a symbol as any of a hard-buck country where the best you can hope for is the chance to choose the lesser of different hardships.

Sally Will-Lieber

Maclean's

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What are the adventures Alastair Kavanagh-Soul and his son, William, up to in Tajikistan?

sons, and therefore with lower average tax rates. A family of five, under the Alliance plan, would pay no federal income tax on as few \$27,000 of family income. We see McCullum's true opinion of the people of Canada in his disdain for referendum. Only an ivory-tower Liberal would show such arrogance. This is the last person we need to be the next minister of finance.

Jeffrey P. Sullivan, *Surreyville, P.E.I.*

Remembering Korea

In the Feb. 18 issue, Matthew Fisher provides us with a valuable analysis of the critical situation the Canadian Forces face as they perform magnificently in a multitude of tasks that stretch them to the limit ("A real challenge," "Canada and the World"). However, I have to take issue with his statement that their mission in South Asia is "bolder than anything Canada has attempted militarily since the Second World War." As a Korean War veteran, I see this as further proof that Korea is a keystone war. The Forces of 1950 were numerically smaller than those of today, even after all the unfortunate cuts of the past decade. And yet, as masters of finesse, we dispatched three divisions and committed an air transport squadron, in a matter of months, as infantry brigade was formed, trained and transported to Korea. Some 25,000 Canadian served in action. Let us forget

Ramsey Wilson, *Ottawa*

Gold digging

I don't understand the price on Alastair Kavanagh-Soul ("AR that glitters," *Canada and the World*, Feb. 18). Perhaps the purpose was to celebrate a man whose com-

pany will probably leave a legacy equalling the Sydney, N.S., car ponds, the Niagara River Canal and General Electric's pollution of the Hudson River. To laugh off the environmental damage about to be created is not funny.

Shane Rowlett, *Brimley, N.Y.*

There is nothing happy about or someone about the war in Tajikistan that Alastair Kavanagh-Soul seems to have so enjoyed. Or about invasive and destructive practices that destroy the environment and pass little benefit to the local communities. Just ask the 4,000 residents living around Lake Issyk-Kul in neighboring Kyrgyzstan, site of a cyclone spill from another Canadian-owned dam in May 1998.

Ken Smith, *Korea*

As an engineer with over 30 years experience in the international mining industry, I am writing to express my serious concerns. The whole previous Canadian international mining industry involvement in the worst possible light, leaving your readers with an unfair and unwarranted impression of the contribution that our industry has made to improve the welfare, safety and environment of the people in many countries. Largely because of massive media pressure following previous scandals, but also because it was the correct thing to do, the industry has moved a long way to improve regulation of the public companies involved through actions of the Canadian Securities Regulator. All of the effort of improved regulation and professional standards will be totally pointless if poorly performing companies are portrayed, as they are in this article, as glowing firms.

Rebecca J. Smith, *Toronto*

The Mail

Brain drain explained

Donald Goss's remarks in his Feb. 11 commentary "Don't dollardize Canada" seem contradictory. He says that if Jean Chrétien had lived up to his pledge of "meeting up" NAFTA, Canada would have provided Argentina to the "global Dumpster." Then he seems to blame Canada's inability to keep its best and brightest on a lack of a "competitive economy that offers challenging careers." It is very likely that NAFTA is the cause of this brain drain. Many Canadian programmers and engineers I have met in an American airport came to the U.S. for the higher pay, and NAFTA made the transition easy.

Paul Russell, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Supercomputers

Your article says that MDS Promosystems markets what is billed as the largest supercomputer in Canada ("Proton power," *Health*, Feb. 18). Since 1986, the Tag 500 Lin has been the gold standard for ranking computer performance. Not only is this benchmark of MDS Promosystems not the top supercomputer, it isn't even on the list. Computer "champs" like Intel's i486, while powerful, are more comparable to large images of small PCs. Internationally recognized supercomputing sites include those at the University of Western Ontario, the University of British Columbia and the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto.

Dr. A. Anne Cullen, *Toronto*

Roots of anti-Semitism

In response to letter writer Vic Szepiet's criticism ("Minding manners," *The Mail*, Feb. 18) of John Robert Smith's claim that Christianity was responsible for the Holocaust ("Philosophies here," *Books*, Feb. 4), Szepiet needs to do a little research. Hitler and the Nazis may well have had their own agenda regarding the Jews, but their ideology had its firm foundation in many centuries of Christian anti-Semitism. Since the statement of Vatican II, the Catholic Church has sought to overcome its aged past treatment of Jews. Neither the Orthodox nor the Protestant churches escaped that guilt, the best example being the rabid anti-Semitism of Martin Luther.

Rev. Peter Gilbert, *Toronto*

Overture

Edited by Sharda Deibel with Amy Cameron

Over and Under Achievers

Take no prisoners

► **Nicole Gosselin:** Even after those New York and L.A. years, she's still a closet risker at heart, added by Dantona's future and obsessed with hockey glory. Gosselin loves Don Dyer's RM.

► **Art Eggen:** Defense minister supports his war, mostly meat, not chicken, at sewing confusion over Canada's 1992 taking prisoners in Afghanistan. What a relief!

► **Wanda Kinsella:** So it's a goodie golden one-biter must feel the giving isn't a gift, even after allowing fellow Liberals with over-the-top racism charges.

► **Alisa Reiter:** Her networking ropes in letters after close, half-hearted attempt to distance herself from his supporter Kinsella. With her is the future.

► **Paul Martin:** Taken to the ground by the media, Martin's looking like a real-time guy (and the foot soldier, Martin is moving away from the pack).

► **Jean Chrétien:** He's brought a unilateral U.S. strike on Iraq or next? What about the UN's role? PM's muted response on European tour display Eggen's dirty.



Kavanagh and McKay

Come on and safari with Shannon

The scene in the hotel room is our first: There is a hawk, Humana, perched on the double lampshade. He is peering down intently at the snare food toward Bialistok. In a room, a meadow obviously on the broad back of Robert's, an African sparrow hawk, "hey, hey, hey, hey that Humana!" scolds their wingless. Shauna Kavanagh as the carefully handles Solé, a 12-foot-long, 100 lb. albino Borneo python. Kavanagh's partner, Jeff McKay, dips the bird's mouth into the water. What seems so strange to visitors is daily routine for Kavanagh, McKay

and the animals that make up the *Adventures of Shauna Jeff and Shannon* road show. For the past seven years, McKay, of Ottawa, and Kavanagh, of Toronto, have engaged the country in their reptile-friendly act. From Nanaimo, B.C., to St. John's, Nfld., the duo perform at malls, schools and hospitals, talking about the signs and endangered status of their animals. For eight months of every year, they live in hotels, motels and their rain-coats with branches, their raincoats, light and traps to keep the travel from hauling \$15,000-worth of animals loaded safely into their vehicles.

The animals roost 24-hour, but special care is taken twice a day in the hotel tub and out on varying

schedule—McKay and Kavanagh have a stack of dead, frozen rodents that they work up in water before feeding to the carnivores. And with 50 more pets—about 600 lb. of reptiles—stashed in the room, watching the staff gets curious. "We will get people coming by all day to ask why we can see the animals," says McKay. And though they have never been kicked out of a hotel room, they don't get much privacy with all of the reptile visitors. In fact, the couple hardly spend any time alone. "It's usually around midnight when they all finally fall asleep and then we can sneak out for an hour," says Kavanagh. "We have to leave seeing from Fisher's before we can go."

Amy Cameron



Trouble in paradise

It is not much really, just 1.62 ha of sandy dunes with a pine grove and ball field nearby. But a decision to reuse this chunk of green space on the outskirts of St. Andrews, N.B. has stirred up the emotions of the tiny seaside resort, whose early inhabitants included United Empire Loyalists fleeing the American War of Independence and later became the summer destination for British colonialists. Last month, local council voted 5-4 in favour of rezoning a portion of St. Andrews' Seaside Point for residential development. Now opponents of the decision have brought forward a 700-name petition. That's a decent share of

households for a town with only 1,500 year-round residents. And for locals, controversy St. Andrews' is also an emblem of its art.

The summer folk, including French ty millionaires **Harvey McClellan** and Senator **Michael McPhail**, have yet to arrive and weigh in. But the year-rounders—middle-class native New Brunswickers, artists, descendants of 18th century New England so-called and newcomers attracted by the town's beautiful beauty and 19th-century buildings—have been picking the council's strategy.

What's got everyone so riled? **Charlotte McKinnis**, an architect who was born in South Africa but moved here 25 years ago, asks why some members of council want to get rid of one of the town's few remaining public green spaces. Mem-

bers of the local Passimicquid First Nation have other concerns. "This is a sacred place to my people," says Passimicquid First Nation Chief **Wagh Akagi**, who adds there's reason to believe the Seaside site may have once been a burial ground. "People have been trying to get rid of us for a long time."

That's rubbish, insists **Alan Gaudin**, a town council member who supports developing the site to broaden the town's tax base. "If a burial ground is uncovered I totally support stopping work and preserving it." For now, council has agreed to delay any work on the property until a specialist team has examined the overall land use needs at Seaside Point. The summer folk will feel St. Andrews' worth for living here, perhaps.

John DeWitt

Overbites

"Not of a cross between shuffle board and ice hockey curling thousands of teams trying to push a 42 pound stone on ice toward a series of stones. Why do they bother? Because there's Olympic gold to be had...for chocolate!" Plus, it's one of the few sports in which you don't seem to need to be particularly "athletic to compete." —**Cherlene Holsky**

"Perhaps the most intense of the games with a profile somewhere between law and life. It involves players sliding a rock down an ice sheet, using brooms to guide it to the ice in the house and brooms help the shooter who crosses the hog line." —**New York Times**

"They will never be invited to the K Games. They are twice the age of most Olympians. And never mind the screaming teenagers in the back row with the *Excess Staff Sergeant* poster. Centers are about as far from radical as it gets." —**Kazuoji Press**

"The most exciting sport in the Winter Olympics is curling. In which someone glides backwards on ice skates, pushing a stone with their feet, sliding the stone down an ice sheet, and shouting 'hockey!'." —**Honolulu Star Bulletin**

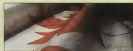
"Maybe it's because the name of the sport projects images of little girls getting their hair done. Maybe it's because one of the key pieces of equipment is a mandatory household implement, the broom. Whatever the reason, people like to make fun of curling." —**Los Angeles Times**

While exploring others' thoughts, Salom works hard to avoid any sense of validation. He offers no guidance or advice to participants. Mind Games, he stresses, is pure entertainment. Just keep your thoughts clear, plain.

Ann Cameron

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If you could read my mind

Max Salom lectures over the phone as he thinks of how to illustrate what it is he does. He is in New York's East in Toronto and he is preparing to read my mind. "I want you to make a drawing of something," he says. "It should be something made your own. Think of something that would be outside." There is a pause while I make a sketch and then the developmental psychologist gets our mind reader's bags. As he describes the picture, Salom is listening for reflections, pauses, nervous coughs while also trying to read my mind. "The last thing I am getting is a child," he says. "And there seems to be a series of circles or semicircles going around." There also seems to be a vertical line coming off to the side of that? No. I reply the line is an



Salom was a 'sensitive' child

the middle. "We think two lines coming down?" This time, he's right. "Excellent," says Salom. "And if I were to say a colour for what you've drawn, what it seems to be green." Bingo, it's a line with a hollow in it.

Generally Salom doesn't do this sort of thing over the phone. Instead, he reads and guides people's thoughts on a daily basis in his technical show *Mind Games*, opening in Toronto on Feb. 27. Along with volunteers from the audience, Salom will give their tasks—reading a random page, for example, or making the first two

words on a random page from their choice of 200 books—and then he proceeds to read their minds. In order to be accurate, he says, he must be able to grasp the almost invisible fluctuations of people's thoughts—how they move, how their focus changes, whether their hands are fidgeting with something. "Even as a child, I was a bit of a sensitive," explains Salom. "We'd go to school and pick up for more than people. I was only knew certain ways to use things."



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The fabled city of cold

When it comes to weather, you can take the Winnipegger out of Winnipeg, but you can't take Winnipeg out of the Winnipegger. People who live in this town are weather obsessed, especially winter-weather obsessed. And the obsession is portable.

My wife and I took a winter holiday recently. In January, we spent a week in Puerto Aventuras, Mexico, which is in the Yucatán, due south of Cancún. It's the area the travel industry has lately taken to trafficking to the "Mayan Riviera."

Every time I met a fellow Winnipegger, he or she inevitably steered the conversation toward our northern clime. "What's the weather like back home?"

"How cold was it when you left?" "Has there been any snow?"

Even snowbirds who planned to be in the tropics for a while wanted to know about snowfall and temperatures. Why, I can't believe. By the time they head north in late March, anything I told them would be hopelessly dated. When they get home, winter will be all but over.

Other Canadians don't share our preoccupation. Vacationers from southwestern Ontario tended to jabber on about urban geography—some booming, others constricting, about how close they are to Toronto. Winnipeggers, who take far greater living in a place with plenty of elbow room, rarely talk about travel and distance stuff—roads, highways, speed limits, orientating signs, proximity of parking lot to subway stop. For us, climate trumps geography.

Sometimes there's a never-the-less shall-matter quality when Winnipeg meets Toronto on holiday. Toronto and its urban folk find "Winnipeggers" yammering about weather distinctly odd. We find their rail-and-traffic snailings even odder. Surely, each thinks the other a bit of a crackpot.

Our winter Irish doesn't stop at daily chat-chat. Memoirs, reminiscences and biographies by or about Winnipeggers or ex-Winnipeggers swirl, dizzy or dangle up memories of winter. Every January who ever wintered in this city and lived to write about it has felt his or her muses' nerves mercurially recording for posterity. Marshall McLuhan, Larry Zoff and Ralph Giere are just a few who've been at pains to underline that they are or lived when winter is a case of *qua versus hostile climate*.

Former Winnipegger and now Vancouverian Danny Finkleman, best known as host of the Saturday night CBC Radio program *Finkleman 45*, a typical, "People in the East can't



understand how people survive a winter in Winnipeg," he spat out some years ago, "yet there are over half a million people in that city."

Winnipeg's most belaboured claim is that, per capita, it has the largest number of occurrences of any major North American city. But this statistic, too, is purely winter-born. When the cold hits, we hunker down inside. After a while, collective cabin fever sends out the cry, and we go crazy. To beat the blues, we venture outside to go inside, so on. This confronts winter on social fronts. Winnipeggers insist that the elements can never beat civilian society. The aspidochelone parades that dining out, a refined human society, won't be stopped by any degree of cold.

Restaurant dining also plays into something grandiosa known about—comfort food. Home-made staples—steep, bread, porridge, hot butter—are Winnipeg dishes. But comfort food is whatever gives solace, or evokes happy memories. For me and my wife, neither with a whiff of Italian heritage, it's pasta. For my South Africa-born neighbor, it's Thai food. A lawyer friend from rural Maine that winter-whipped Winnipeggers fine in defiance of climate. "So, OK, we're snailish," he says. "We're not in Mexico, Thailand or Jamaica, but at least we can eat like we're there."

But is it really so cold here? Is there any heat in fact for Winnipeggers' winter masochism?

A little investigation uncovered a 1972 (and pre-1972) Environment Canada publication, *The Climate of the Prairie Provinces*, which the department says is still current. It contained this gem: "In January, the zero isotherm goes from the southeast corner of Manitoba westward to Peace River. It passes across Winnipeg, the largest city in the world with such a low temperature."

What this means to climate-watchers is that Winnipeg in January has an average daily mean temperature of 0° Fahrenheit, or -17.8° C (the mean is the midpoint between high and low). But what it means is so that when winter is at its fabled core, no comparable city anywhere else in the world is as cold as ours—not in Scandinavia, not in Russia, not in Alaska.

Still, wonder we talk about the weather. Baby, it's cold outside.

When not documenting spine-chilling meteorology, Douglas J. Johnston is a designer and writer in Winnipeg.

Illustration by Michael J. King, 2001, 2002



IT'S NOT THE SINE IF IT'S NOT CHARDON
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The Week That Was

A team divided

John Chretien and the country's premiers wrapped up 10 days of travel to Russia and Germany last week, selling their Team Canada trade mission's success. Debatable, given that 41 contracts worth only \$112 million were signed—and given the results that erupted over the 1997 Kyoto accord. Under Kyoto, Canada is to cut greenhouse gas emissions to six per cent below 1990 levels by 2010. But during a media conference in Moscow, Alberta Premier Ralph Klein produced a letter calling on the federal Liberals to back away from ratifying the accord.

Klein says that to meet the Kyoto targets, Alberta's oil and gas companies—the mainstay of the province's oil economy but major producers of greenhouse gases—would be badly hurt. Ontario Premier Mike Harris said he supported Alberta's position because the United States, the province's major trading partner, has refused to sign the accord. But Quebec distanced itself from Klein's initiative—and later went a step further, saying that Alberta should pay the lion's share of the cost of greenhouse gas reductions because it produces the most emissions. And Manitoba's Gary Doer and Saskatchewan's Lorne Calvert both said they support this basic principle of Kyoto. At week's end, Klein apologized for the letter.

Goodbye Eaton's

For the first time since 1933, the name of the store will no longer grace any mall status in Canada. Sears Canada Inc., which bought the bankrupt Eaton's department store chain in 1999, said it will close or convert the stores remaining open by summer. Sears, worried and embarrassed the store's apologethous as Eaton's in 2000, its armoured suits. But the expense of the effort and the cost of its union undermined the business plan.

Liberal infighting

A caucus meeting turned into a shouting match as critics of industry

Minister Allan Rock joined him over his dispute with Finance Minister Paul Martin. At issue is the time-honored tradition of leadership candidates signing to rise supporters on stage in silence at a vote. Rock refused to back away from his charges that more restrictive membership rules, which Martin's people are fighting for, are biased to favour their candidate. Rock said, however, distance himself from Warren Kinsella, one of his advisors saying he was "appalled" by Kinsella's

last attack on two pro Martin MPs. Kinsella, who has apologized, implied that more by Toronto-area MP Don McLaughlin and Ontario's Liberal MP Don Cousens. And Ontario's Liberal MP Don Cousens, who has apologized, implied that more by Toronto-area MP Don McLaughlin and Ontario's Liberal MP Don Cousens.

Pig farm murder arrest

RCMP arrested Robert Poon in the case of 50 missing women from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside and charged him with two counts of first-



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The Week That Was

degree murder. Police found the remains of two people on the Port Quichemont B.C. pig farm they have been searching since Feb. 6. Pig car 52 is one of two brothers who owns the farm. Police say they expect to spend several more months searching the farm.

What alliance?

Canadian Alliance leadership are debating whether they should support the Globe and Mail. It was in a Dec. 14, 2001, article that he says likely accused him of giving police orders that resulted in the 1995 shooting death of native protester Dudley George at Ipperwash.



leader could be trying to make "a political deal" — even as they himself was seeking a deal with Bill.

Ipperwash lawsuit

Outgoing Ontario Premier Mike Harris launched a \$15 million civil suit against the Globe and Mail. It was in a Dec. 14, 2001, article that he says likely accused him of giving police orders that resulted in the 1995 shooting death of native protester Dudley George at Ipperwash.

Provincetown Park The Globe says it plans to fight the suit.

Killer dogs

In a case that has shaken Los Angeles, testimony began at the trial of lawyers Maynard Keefe and his now ex-husband Robert Neil. The two are charged with involuntary manslaughter keeping vicious dogs and in Keefe's case, second-degree murder in the death of their neighbor Duane Whipple. Whipple was killed to death by the two dogs. Prosecutors say the couple lived in their apartment. The dogs, known to be ferocious.



Desperate measures

Just hours after Israeli warships and helicopter gunships pounded targets across the West Bank and Gaza Strip in a new wave of reprisal attacks, Prime Minister Ariel Sharon announced plans to set up special "buffer zones" to protect Israeli. Sharon, who is under intense pressure to act, said the work would be finished in early 17 months of conflict, given the details about the scheme that his comments were widely

interpreted to mean he would put civilians of Palestinian and territory bordering the Jewish state back under Israeli military control to increase security and prevent the resurgence of suicide bombings into the country.

Last week's fighting, in which more than 80 Palestinians and Israelis died, left international peace efforts in tatters. The Israeli attacks came after Palestinian gunmen killed six Israeli soldiers on Feb. 19 near Ramallah. Palestinians said 12 of those killed

by Israelis in the past seven months were police. Four people were also killed in a missile attack on Palestinian Authority President Yasser Arafat's security compound in Gaza. Despite that, Arafat received his call for a Palestinian ceasefire, and Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon said during a visit to Spain that a negotiated settlement was the only way out of the mess. But Sharon appears to increasingly believe that capturing the wrong side is the only solution to the violence.

Passages

Died: Harry Kirk got involved in broadcasting as a young boy in New London, Ont., listening to the radio. Though he spent 16 years in the business prior to joining CTV in 1963, it was at the network's 25th anniversary that Kirk made his mark. From 1978 to 1984, he co-anchored the popular national newscast with Lloyd Robertson. Kirk, 73, died of a heart attack at his home in Uxbridge, Ont.



Died: Elizabeth Marie Burgess, daughter of 1929 Nobel Prize laureate Thomas Mann devoted 30 years of her life to the sciences. Born in Walsdorf, Germany, she became a scholar of agricultural science and international relations, and as a biologist for the protection of the seas. In 1913, Marie Burgess moved from California to Halifax, where she established the International Councils Institute of Canada. Marie Burgess, 83, died of a respiratory infection during her annual ski holiday in Switzerland.

Died: Before becoming a writer, Manchester, England-born John Shaw worked as a balance beamer. In 1905, he was cast as the gull inspector Martin on the highly popular British TV series of the same name. Shaw, 60, died at his home in London of throat cancer.

Died: On Jan. 21, 1995 Calgary resident Dorothy Jewell shot her ex-husband, Earl Jewell, six times. He survived and later learned Dorothy's son and daughter, with whom Earl had been involved at the time of the shooting, Dorothy was found to be legally insane and not criminally responsible. She died, at age 65, from liver and kidney failure.

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The Week That Was

poised animals by drug dealers were owned by Paul Schneider, 29, a white supremacist prison inmate who had been legally adopted by the couple and was illegally running a "lean drug" breeding operation from prison.

Milešević on the stand

A 67-year-old ethnic Albanian farmer with three children from Slobodan Milešević at the former Yugoslav president's war crimes trial at The Hague and accused him of being responsible for "ethnic-cleaning" in Kosovo. Ferid Džabali and Serb soldiers attacked his village in March, 1999, rounded up 20,000 people, started them in the dead of night and started thousands of dollars to let them leave for Albania. But Milešević won a victory of sorts when international judges excluded testimony from the prosecution's senior investigator saying it was based on hearsay. Kuvit Ceta was to testify about the area where Serb forces allegedly executed ethnic Albanians.



Body count in Georgia

Investigators continued to find corpses and human remains in sheds, wells and pits surrounding the 16th-Century Cathedral in Nablus, the Swiss case first came to light on Feb. 25, more than 240 bodies of people who were supposed to have been committed have been discovered. Canadiana owner Ray David March who took over the business in 1995 has said his identifier was not working for some time. He has been joined in 16 days of theft and disruption.

Sky wars

Canadians will find more discount air travel choices come summer, even though an "airline" group has threatened to sue. The Montreal bankruptcy reformed Canada 3000 Air Canada said its discount airline Tingo would expand its summer schedule in line with CEO Robert Milne's prediction that Tingo will drive the ramping-up growth and Conquest. Vacationers, one of the country's largest tour operators, and Singapore Airlines Inc. which briefly ran Road to last year, said they will be open to provide T4 domestic flights a week of competitive rates. A group associated with defunct Royal Aviation Inc. has also said it will be on the discount game.



A train becomes a fiery 'bunnel of death'

Hundreds of injured and killed passengers on a full-speed train in Egypt. As the train sped on, passengers threw themselves from the cars. When the train finally stopped, 100 km south of the Egyptian capital, the railway embankment became a nightmarish scene of burning passengers and charred corpses. Many more bodies were found inside the seven burned-out coaches, bringing the death toll to 261 — the worst rail accident in the country's history.

The following day, witnesses, many carrying coffins, arrived at Giza's central morgue to claim the bodies of loved ones. But many of the dead were burned beyond recognition, and authorities said the dead and injured would be buried in a mass grave. "When I looked at the bodies in the morgue they were unrecognizable, all charred, some with no legs, no arms, no heads," said Abdul-Salam Gouda, who was searching for his brother-in-law. Survivors, however, described the bodies as "bunnel of death".

The carriage was so devastating that the accident threatened to become a divisive issue in a country that has seen a number of similar transportation-related tragedies. In 1998, 47 people were killed when a train jumped its rails and crashed into a crowded square. In 2007, a cargo train slammed into a passenger train, killing 31 people after a coal train accidentally triggered the freight train on the track. Egyptian Prime Minister Ahmed Nabil said an investigation would be held into safety precautions on the train, and promised that railway facilities would receive investments of about \$1,000.

But the burned passenger train was a strong blow to Egypt's year, pushed the finger at what is called the "grass negligence" behind the fire and asked for a full inquiry into the government's management of the rail system. And as reported in the opposition newspaper al-Naba', "We need to know who was responsible and hang them in public squares and close them for what they have done to the helpless Egyptian people."



Barbara Amiel

Amy Gehring's legacy

Thank you, Amy Gehring, the 26-year-old woman from Ottawa, Ont., recently acquitted of indecently assaulting some of her teenage male pupils in a British school where she was a supply teacher. Here at last is a "good story" story.

Thank you to the British school girls who flew to Ottawa to bring us the relevant facts about this young woman who seems to want relationships with her young pupils, but only because she was lonely after her (cuddly) Canadian boyfriend broke up with her. From the *Sunday Mirror* we learn that Miss Gehring's Ottawa childhood gave her a "whitened background" whose her parents brought her up with strict moral values and never allowed her to mix with the wrong kind of boys. This small-town Canada upbringing may have been the prime dish for Miss Gehring's developing taste in chaps—she kiddies "I confess to liking younger men," she told the *Mirror*. "They are finer and better looking, and good looks are important to me."

Thank you as well to *Globe and Mail* columnist Margaret Wente. Wente raised the sticky point that perhaps there are gender differences between boys and girls. Young boys, she ventured, might not mind Amy's snogging them while young women would be aghast at a predatory male teacher. Such views upholding any notion of

Men and women are the same if it is an advantage to women and they are different if being different is an advantage to women

gender differences "for extremely dangerous" according to the equity coordinator for the Toronto District School Board quoted by Wente. "The things... and about differences in men and women are harmful. It's hate teaching," said the E.C. If it hadn't been for Amy vs. Miss Wente, I would be under the illusion that had as things might be in Toronto, at least it didn't have as equity coordinator. Now I know that it does.

But behind the story there is a poignant aspect. It began when Amy first met Jason, the perfect with the shaven head and perfect eyebrows. "Jason was really sweet," explains Amy. "He used to bring me chocolate and postage stamps. I was new to England and he did know where to buy them." That's what a proper Canadian upbringing does for you, of course. If you lead a sheltered life, how can you know where to buy stamps or chocolate. It all falls into place.

Amy graduated from Guelph University with a degree in biological sciences, which is a robust impostor to anyone who thinks that science courses are wanted on young women. After the breakup with Canadian boyfriend George Fallop, she fled from Canada to England. This is where the *National Post* steps in. *The Post* knows an important story when it sees one, especially now that the investigation into the *Hubert Grand-Mise*

has been put on hold—pending a change of ownership of the *Post*. Fallop told the *Post* he was working on telling his story through his lawyer, John Stewart. However, the *Post* discovered that no such lawyer seemed to exist. Confronted with this, Fallop replied, "You either want the story or you don't."

Eighty-thousand-dollar cheque in pocket, Miss Gehring looks back philosophically. "My dream was famous," she remarks. "I lost count of the number of boys who sent me their phone numbers on scraps of paper and threw them into my handbag." I believe her. Once a teacher's reputation goes around school, there's no stopping the little flybites—though it does make a mockery of the notion that any of them were "victims."

Three postscripts. First, the equity coordinator of Toronto schools is behind the curtain. Our society has long moved from the notion that males and females have no differences. Today's cool cutting-edge philosophy is that men and women are the same if being the same is an advantage to women and they are different if being different is an advantage to women. This is a simple and elegant proposition easily accepted and applied by a number of people in our judiciary and academy from Madame Justice Binnie to the mother of all Justices, Madame Chief Justice-Dele.

Secondly, back in the Seventies, some of us suggested that our great-grandmothers had more common sense than the women's movement, and slowly we are confirming, after millions of dollars on lab experiments and social studies, that the very things our great-grandmothers knew about the natural differences between men and women are correct.

Thirdly, as far as I know, in all the male-dated cases coming so often of sexual assault where people either through "incoherent memories" dictated by their psychiatrists charge that they were raped 30 years ago or come forward to lay charges about assaults that they have remembered, but for 20 years have kept quiet about, not one of those cases involves a man remembering a woman who assaulted him. Women remember men, and men remember assaults by other men. Since the Amy Gehring of the world have always been with us, I can only conclude that the role of the older woman is even appreciated.

Finally, one must cite the smiling housewife support Miss Gehring received in a Windsor Star. An editorial said: "So our grandmothers to Amy Gehring and her family in Ottawa on a positive verdict and good luck in moving on." To younger and younger boys perhaps?



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ON GUARD IN AFGHANISTAN

It's a dusty, dirty job for Canada's men and women in uniform in the former Taliban stronghold of Kandahar

Canada and the World

BY SALLY ARMSTRONG in Kandahar

The sky over the parched desert surrounding Kandahar airport has turned from grey to a menacing dark purple. Most people in this drought-stricken region—the spiritual home of the Taliban—are hoping the skies will open up with a decent rain for the first time in five years. But the weather, like everything else in Afghanistan, has a surprise in store for the 750 Canadian troops deployed here as part of the U.S.-led Operation Apollo. Instead of rain, a sandstorm hits, blinding into the eyes of the soldiers, filling their noses, throats and clothing.

A day earlier, unknown assailants—maybe Taliban smugglers or Al-Qaeda fighters—sprayed the base at the airport with gunfire, injuring two U.S. soldiers. Now, with visibility dropping, the international coalition of troops guarding the facility—it has been turned into a giant military base—are told to prepare for more trouble. No one knows what could be lurking in the desert just beyond the perimeter of the airport. But it's clear this would be an ideal time for belligerents who have lived all their lives in the shifting, drifting sands to attack.

The Canadians are on alert. From his bunker dug into the desert near the perimeter or "the front," so the soldiers like to call this post, Sgt. Mike Gaseley, 31, a father of two from Edmonton, hunkers down and watches for any signs of movement. A 12-year veteran of the Canadian Forces, he served as a peacekeeper in Bosnia and Cyprus. In spite of the danger, he is happy to finally be close to real combat. "This is the time and place for the army to be used at its best," he says, wiping sand from the barrel of his C7 combat rifle. "It proves our training, works. We're the first line of defense for the camp."

Guarding Kandahar airport is not the only mission Canadian men and women, primarily from the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, have undertaken on the front lines of the international war on terrorism. Nearly 40 soldiers from Canada's elite joint Task Force 2 are also based at the airport and are closely involved in the hunt for Taliban and Al-Qaeda fighters. The troops are understandably vigilant. As well as the recent



Exploiting a loophole at Kandahar airport (top), in Canada's land of milk and honey, soldiers are in a mood during the week's frequent sandstorms (middle), manning an anti-aircraft gun atop an armored vehicle (bottom), Army at the airport perimeter (opening page)



As a terrorist star's head is given back to a little more, but everyone knows that's not the best we've got, one colleague says of Al-Qaida (top), laughing it and chasing outdoors (middle), making it a Maple Leaf lounge chair used by mail from a girlfriend (bottom)

gun battle on the edge of the base, there has been an "allegation"—allegation for those fired by the enemy to light up the night sky—and the death of a special-forces officer from Australia, killed when the vehicle he was in drove over an anti-tank mine.

Such events remind the Canadians just how dangerous their assignment is. But Kandahar airport has always been a key base in the struggle for control of Afghanistan. It was built by the U.S. in the early 1960s, when Washington and Moscow were squaring off in the Cold War and the U.S. was trying to contain the Soviet Union. The terminal once housed military airships, lavish rose gardens and reflection pools. But after two decades of war, the windows are blown out, the rose gardens are heaps of cracked earth and the pools are filled with debris and sand.

Now, the airport has once again become a focal point—albeit one without many amenities. A giant generator sitting on the edge of one pool is so loud that soldiers have to shout to be heard. Military jets land day and night, just a few hundred metres from the Canadian tents strung out through a nearby postgraduate orchard. Between the tent city and the airport's perimeter is what the Canadians call the Russian graveyard: heaps of scattered wrecks, including once-famous Soviet MiG fighters.

The living conditions are at best dreadful. There are no recreation facilities, no television, no e-mail, no wireless notes. The troops—both men and women—wash in water-high trucks. Men urinate into pipes that disappear into the ground; women have metal pails to sit on. "This is the bare and brutal stage of the operation," says Capt. Peter Nicholson, 38, from Kingston, Ont. "Food, ammunition and the bare necessities come first while we set up the headquarters. The lighter stuff will come later." Nothing held over experienced, says Lieut. Good MacLeod, who has been in the army for about three years, prepared him for the rough surroundings and crude accommodations. In the first week, he says, one soldier suffered both frostbite and rabies—the first from a stray dog, the latter from a sandstorm injury in the underlying arm in Kandahar.

At least the temperatures—20° C during the day—aren't that bad. And the col-

erwise severe conditions don't seem to bother Master Cpl. Tara Asay as she basks into the wind and heads to a lookout post at the edge of the airport. "We're breaking new ground here," says the 34-year-old as she cradles a C7—a smatter of dirt on her hip and a smudge of mud on her nose. "The last time Canadians joined forces in such a large international effort," she says proudly, "was the Gulf War and before that, Korea."

Aray, a daughter of two children—Susan, 2, and Emma, 3, is in Edmonton with their dad—in one of 60 female Canadian troops in Kandahar, performing the same duties as the men. “I do whatever has to be done,” Aray says. “I fill sandbags and build bunkers.” She is probably applying for a military position when she is able to, but, if confronted by an Al Qaeda or Taliban fighter, she hopes “any sense of training would kick in and I would do what I had to do to make sure I see my children again.”

The international collection of soldiers at the airport here are backed by data contraindicated: a collection of much troops from several different countries, including Canada's ITF's contingent. Although civilians are not supposed to know who these soldiers are, what countries they are from or what clandestine deeds they perform, their distinctive demeanor makes them easy to spot. Looking as though they just stepped out of a Ruben's movie, they are usually older, fatter and more confident than the others. To protect themselves they don't wear regulation uniforms, and display no rank or insignia. And they often sport pieces of Afghan clothing—a scurf, a hat, old army pants and fleece jackets. Most have facial hair and some wear black face masks.

At least 17 JTF2 commandos got off the base, which is more than most of the other Canadian soldiers can hope for. On Feb. 26, six-man patrols, riding in U.S.-supplied Humvee all-terrain vehicles equipped with top-mounted machine guns, paraded outside the perimeter of the base for the first time. But mostly, says Nicholson, there is a single mentality: "All I've seen of Afghanistan," he says, "is this base. So I don't have a great description of the country." And like it or not, the arctic base is likely all he'll see of Afghanistan in what will probably be a six-month deployment. He wants to go

feelings for the country by repeating what he says is an old Islamic proverb: "After God finished creating the world he took the leftover bits and called it Afghanistan."

The airport isn't a firing range with pay-as-you-go targets. It's a two-story shooting gallery with staff and people hiding in the desert who can fire back. As troops detained before being captured from the Taliban, the ear-drilling warning beacons underscored the warning offered by MacLeod. "The worst thing you could do here," he says, "is let your guard down and take a relaxed posture." So, Angie Abbey has learned that lesson first-hand. The 24-year-old from North Wales, Ore., on her first foreign mission, is a weapons specialist in charge of maintenance. She sits at a forward lookout post the night of the attack on the base. "I could see our trainers going up," she says. "I saw them get hit. I saw them fall." So, she says the war's started just ahead, "I was very scared and very lost and wondering whether this was a diversion and what would happen next."

On lookout, Abbey's job is to spot anything that could be a threat—a vehicle, a person, any unexplained movement. But the desert often plays tricks on soldiers' eyes. What first appears to be a group of stricken men may actually be a pack of wild dogs. There's no way to be sure—and no time to relax. "We need to stay vigilant," says Abbey, "and watch each other's backs."

"While there is a tremendous sense of solidarity among the Canadians, some have raised questions about whether they should have accepted a combat role. 'When you're improvising, there's a lot of made-up suffering, heroism and being nice to people,' says Nicholson. 'This mission doesn't leave me with the same satisfaction.' Or perhaps, like Gaudy, he's happy to finally be in full battle gear, facing the possibility of a real fight. 'Canadians think of us as peacekeepers,' he says. 'But we don't train for peacekeeping, we train for this.' And if fighting does break out, Gaudy—who says he is even learning to enjoy having sand under his fingernails, in his sleeping bag, even in his food—hopes to be in the thick of the action. 'If we say on any one day we're not going to fight, we're not going to defend while the others do something,' he says. 'We'd find we were not one of those 100,000.'

The deployment of the Canadians to Kandahar has been swash in controversy.

DEATH OF A JOURNALIST

DANIEL PERLES European Commission, Brussels, Belgium, says that, sometimes, it may be necessary to have a "strong" presence in Pakistan, although a videotape delivered to police in Sindh province confirmed their worst fears.

he had been established in his capacity. Reportedly on cameras, they stalked him repeatedly and then all his Street, later, he was apparently beheaded. Pearl, 28, had been an expert for the West Street Journal since 1960 and the year's South Asia bureau chief for the past two years. He disappeared on Jan. 23 from a restaurant in Karachi, where, in pursuit of a story, he had agreed to meet Shah Ghalib, a militant Muslim cleric. Shortly after his abduction, his kidnappers began communicating with police by e-mail and claimed proof of being an agent of both the CIA and Mossad, the Israeli intelligence service. In another e-mail, Pearl's captors said they are looking for the kidnappers to be part of a campaign of retaliation against Pakistani President Pervez Musharraf, who withdrew the U.S. aid and was earlier taken and cracked down on Islamic radical

Wardlaw denounced the murder and declared an all-out, nationwide protest for the killers. Furlong could also criticize a prime suspect in the case, Alvin Omar Steinhilber, a British-born militant who is being held after he told police he was involved in the crime.

In Beijing, where George W. Bush met with Chinese officials to discuss the U.S. campaign against terrorism, the President issued condolences to Pearl's family, including with Watson, who is seven months pregnant with their first child. But Bush said Pearl's death only drove U.S. resolve to rid the world of terrorism. Meanwhile, at the *Journal*'s offices in New York City, Pearl's colleagues were devastated. "He's heartbroken at his death," said managing editor Paul Steiger. "His murder marks a mockery of everything Gandy's newspapers claimed to believe in."

Last week, Defence Minister Art Eggleton appeared before a parliamentary committee to defend himself over allegations of lying in the House. As unclear as his defence, Eggleton knows that JTF2 commandos had taken three Al-Qaeda prisoners and named them over to U.S. troops. Eggleton has also been criticised for the fact that the Canadians lack proper desert uniforms and have had to make do with

goon outfit. But Gasky says the debate doesn't affect the troops in the field. "Give us guys how a wool blanket and a bolt action rifle," he says, "and they'll be right in there getting the job done."

While Gausley and the others continue to dig in, there is one lone Canadian in Afghanistan who is filling Canada's war-prosecuting role. Maj. Shandy White who was on a three-year assignment with the British army, has ended up on a 90-month posting with the Third United Kingdom Division in Kabul. His job along with the other 4,700 troops assigned to the International Security Assistance Force in the capital, is to provide security for the interim government. He been in Kabul since Dec. 31 and the changes he's seen in that time have been encouraging. The capital, he says, has long way to go, but it's more peaceful than it has been in years. And he decides that this is best in any case. "I don't see any alternative," he says. "I don't see any way out of this except to stay and see what happens." He says he's not sure how long he'll stay, but he's not sure he's going to help to win an election in a year from now.

When something, Vids often resorts into the pouch pocket of his utility belt and pulls out any Baby Gap socks—at least with the anti-slip marking on the sole. "There's food here now, but the cats eat socks," he says, handing a pair to a woman with a baby whose hair is exposed to the elements. "You don't about change like that when you have kids of your own." Beck here. It has two years, one-year-old Taylor and 18-month-old Auden, the wife thinks a promiscuous and proceed to deliver their third child in the end of February—alone. Heidi is also the one who not only admits Vids the best playmate of other things to give away—your car, notebooks, pencils, ballpops as trophies.

No matter what role the Canadian police play in Afghanistan, the assignment comes with much heartache. They must children, spouses, lovers and families. But they also aware there are larger issues at stake. One is helping to defeat terrorism. The other is proving a poster to Canadians "Now everyone knows that Canada can deploy rapidly into a combat zone," says Western Officer Ralph Thornton, 34, who has five-year-old twins at home. "Our soldiers are ready." That's another he likes to boast about on Canada's front line in Afghanistan.



VIRTUALLY YOURS

Technology Then and Now

Twenty years ago, you would never have dreamed one easy-to-use household machine loaded with productivity software could help you keep track of the family finances, communicate with your friends and family, entertain your kids for hours on end, and do much more.

Today, the PC has gone mainstream. More than 500 million PCs are in use around the world, and another 140 million will be sold in 2001 — far exceeding the number of TVs that will be purchased this year. In Canada, 69 percent of homes have a PC.¹ In fact, in the last 5 years more PCs were sold in Canada than automobiles.² Today's PCs are affordable, powerful, reliable and easy enough for almost anyone to use. Great productivity software has made it easier than ever to do the family shopping or keep track of the household schedule.

Products such as Windows XP are helping in lifting the potential of the PC further. And paired with peripherals like digital cameras, printers and colour scanners, the PC is now a work, entertainment and communications hub. With ease, you can share photos with loved ones, create a CD for a long family trip, and manage messages to friends — anytime, anywhere.

The PC and all the cool gadgets and devices that connect to it have truly revolutionized the way we live, work, learn and play, and transformed how we communicate with each other. Twenty years ago, no one would have predicted the PC experience would be as prevalent, or as powerful as it is today. Today, the computing experience is only limited by the imagination of the person in front of the PC.

1. PC Sales: Home PC Sales 1998
2. Statistics Canada

Susan Sharp,
Digital Lifestyle Advisor

'Flaccid follies'

In Michael's Feb 4 Over to You column ("The Canadian advantage"), former Canadian diplomat Mark Enns recalled his days in various postings such as Tel Aviv and Moscow, where he was able to meet much more freely than his American counterparts. Enns, who has also served as Canadian ambassador to Cuba and as press secretary to prime minister Brian Mulroney, argued that Canada now has an opportunity to play an influential international role de U.S. tack, due to its new power. Noted U.S. diplomat David J. Katz, a long-time Canadian member who served as a political counselor in Ottawa from 1982 to 1996, offered this barbed response:



I see Mr. Enns' role has not lost the media talents that I first witnessed in his spurious role during the dying days of the Mulroney administration. Unfortunately, he has embraced in all-too-Canadian tendency—gliding the blues in your fields by suggesting that the U.S. grows primarily exposed.

Mr. Enns' role is playing the "small in beautiful" role, expounding on the virtues of Canadian diplomacy. And, from a career of association with Canadian diplomats, I would be the last to suggest that Canada's multi-market role is unimportant. Indeed, we cannot go everywhere; we do not know everything, and our power, either to promote good or prevent evil, is limited in every dimension. Nor do we attempt such counterproductive universalism. As Mr. Enns' role will know, we share with friends and allies the fruits of our intelligence efforts in exchange for the fruits of theirs. Thus, if Soviet-era thugs prevented U.S. diplomats' access to dissident Andrei Sakharov but did not compassionately restrict Canadians, we still obtained the information (and presumably passed our own messages to such individuals) without trading up "six dollars-for-five" role.

The benchmark for recent Canadian diplomacy has been former foreign affairs minister Lloyd Axworthy's "soft power."

For Americans, the slogan was "flaccid follies." "While we never doubted Mr. Axworthy's intelligence or belief in his own merits, we read of his conviction that he knew better than we what our interests were. Thus we suffered in loudness (for Mr. Axworthy was rarely silent) his lecturing over what Mr. Enns' role presumably considers "loadable." We heard all too much of the barren all-too-personal hand, the delight of international control courts, and the foolishness of belittling inside defense. Mr. Axworthy merited his right to speak; we needed our right to ignore him.

Mr. Enns' role particularly errs in his conclusion that Americans are somehow "trapped" in a matrix of their own interests and relationships" at this post 9/11 we now have seen the light of doing diplomacy multilaterally, having previously been "dismantled." Even were these charges true, I would prefer the problems of power to the problems of weakness. But they are not true. First, we are no more "trapped" in our foreign relationships than is any country "trapped" by membership in the UN, NATO, OAS, OECD, G-8, APEC or the rest of the alphabet of organizations. But somehow Canada's membership memberships are opportunities, not traps? Second, as world power in history has shown more concern for the rights, interests, and attitudes of other states. If you believe the U.S. acts unilaterally, think for a moment of the under-achievements that motivated British, French, German, Italian, Russian and Japanese in the 19th and 20th centuries.

Where I can agree with Mr. Enns' role is that the Canadian diplomatic corps is under-recognized and overworked is a job description for most diplomats, but now you seem to be "learning" from the U.S. experience by sending expendable politicians to pressure points such as Copenhagen. Still, there is no question that we would "welcome" a reurgent Canadian diplomacy—but perhaps we don't realize that it has existed, and only believed that it had drifted ("softly") into unproductive channels.

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BATTERED LEGACY

Ontario's Tory leadership hopefuls are busy stomping on Mike Harris's record

BY ROBERT SHEPPARD

For much of the past seven years, Mike Harris has been the bull mascot of Ontario politics, his howling his way through all the means no one else dared touch, a giant ink of self-interest in anyone in his path. No longer. To continue the woodland ecology lie is now—and has been for some months—the latest of tricks with his penmanship appearing in a matter of weeks, his Tories trailing in the polls and his attempts to reconcile with his wife Janet (his given reason for leaving politics) sadly in disarray. But enough that Ontario ignores his health-care blooping at just more wind in the night. While still in the ritualized tramping of the Harris legacy by those seeking his job.

In case you missed it, Ontario has conceded that rare stage where opposition criticism seems strangely muted beside that of the insiders seeking the premiership job on March 23. Four names and former treasurer Ernie Eves, emerging from a costly retirement on Bay Street, is trying to outdo him as the centre of the spectrum, in the process hoping to one day force the death of Harris. No one will notice he doesn't much care for the way the province's hospitals and classrooms have (and been funded morally). Perhaps he forgot he played a part in those as a few years back. But he's certainly not alone in stomping on the band that returned the Tories to power.

Environment Minister David Miliband, who has a serious shot at becoming Ontario's first woman premier, has been almost dancing a jig on the grave of Harris' once-



As the fight heats up, so much for the Common Sense Revolution

hallowed Common Sense Revolution. Health Minister Tim Clements had the temerity to suggest that the current administration has been "just muddling through" since the 1999 election. And Treasurer Jim Flaherty—who has proposed pulling the brakes to keep them off the air—has complained that the Harris government has oversteered even its garbage collection, the NDP's Chah.

That's how even self-described revolutionaries and. Now with a bang or a whimper but in a flurry of finger pointing. Maybe it's no surprise. Harris came in, after all, picking strategic fights with medical

unions, civil servants, welfare recipients. The list goes on. It must tell him now that he would be successful (sure Flaherty wants to put his reputation on Valium and make peace. With anyone, this is, except themselves).

Not to be outdone by the leadership thrashings of the federal Liberals and Canadian Alliance, the Ontario Conservative have made their own equally desperate effort. Maybe that is the nature of leadership comes these days. Or maybe it's another trick in the Harris legacy. Remember, he is not the dynamic Tories who seemed to run Ontario like an old boys' club from 1943 to 1983. By the time Mike Harris took over in 1990, the vaunted Big Blue Machine had long descended for Ontario. Part of his evolution was a new generation of not-holds-barred, partisan leaders, some of whom even tried to rival the Canadian Alliance leadership the last time out.

With their feet in the difficult camps, these are the persons fueling the infighting and also ensuring there won't be any major election blowing from its corner—too many wounds to heal. No candidate has been immune from personal attacks. But the inevitable, gone-to-dance Eves, once the lion of the tax cuts, has been the main target. Flaherty even unveiled a wheel of Fortune with Eves' face on every piece of the computer to mock him as a man of no convictions. At the head of a queue that Harris used so successfully to take down his opponents. But he was in opposition then, and he never used it against the folk he had to much more battle with.

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Sisters Janet (far left) and Gretz, and partner Chloë, hope their *Crazy Plates* meals match the success of their books

CRAZY LIKE FOXES

The Looneyspoons team is putting its money where your mouth is

BY KATHERINE MACKLEM

Look! "With a smile curling up on her face, Janet Podolske savors and straddles out the first syllable. She is talking about her sweet and business partner, Gretz Podolske—and not in private. The sisters, who first burst onto the scene in 1996 with their hugely successful cookbooks, *Looneyspoons*, have a new venture. Along with Dave Chilton, a.k.a. *The Winkly Barber*, they've added the leap from the business of books into the even more freight business of food, with the launch of a line of frozen dinners. In radio ads like the one they're doing now, Janet says her sister, for desperate diners, famously

fabulous abilities in the kitchen, she's still without a man in her life. And while "loose" is hardly a moniker most people would use to promote themselves, Gretz is not Ms. People and, like her sister, curls up a smile at the insult.

The girls, as they call themselves, have cooked up a series of nutritious, do-it-yourself meals. Like the style of their first cookbooks—a runaway bestseller—and in follow-up, *Crazy Plates*, which were peppered with cartoons and puns, the dinners have light-humored names, like *Warm Every Penny and Missions Improbable*. They take 20 minutes or less to cook, but require the consumer to have a hand in their making. Each one is designed to feed

two to three people; they are easy to prepare, fairly tasty and, at \$9.95, priced competitively. More importantly to Chilton and the Podolskes, the product taps into a growing trend of consumers wanting healthy dinners, and needing them fast.

But the sisters are almost as much the product as the food is. With their easy appeal and an overflowing enthusiasm—they love the meals—the Podolskes present themselves as a really, struggling pair up against the giants. They wear consumers to buy in—and be on their side. They joke and poke fun at each other and finish each other's sentences. It's part of their considerable charm—and their attack.

Chilton, the company president and a

millionaire from his *Barber* investments, is a no-nonsense, happy He's a fast talker, confident and eager to egg on the team. He treats Gretz for being a control freak. She flips a point, and sends the remark right back. Janet is the sassy one, yet quick to dissolve into tears, they say. But both are tough, determined and ready to make all to make this venture work.

"The loser" and happened when they were working on their scripts. They were filming around and it just popped out. Janet says, as they were recording. And became behind the goofy personas was two very smart and very savvy marketers, the self-deprecating humor survived. Close to *Gotham* home in Kitchener, Ont., the only market where the ads have been broadcast so far, the response has been terrific. Gretz says. One lady snapped her at a grocery store. "Oh, it's you," she lady exclaimed. "The 'loose' Gretz tells her eyes, as if to say it's a minor price.

Cookbook buyers had been telling the sisters they loved the recipes but didn't

have enough time every night to cook from scratch, says Chilton, who worked with the Podolskes to self-publish their first book. After the second recipe book was out, the trio scoured around for a new project. They didn't want to do a third cookbook. They turned down "at least a dozen" proposals for TV cooking shows, says Janet, including U.S. ones. "We didn't care about being household celebrities," says Gretz. They considered a line of sauces. Then, encouraged by a pair of food consultants, one of whom still works with the company, they set up *Crazy Plates* Inc. and started to trial kits.

"Even the big food companies have always said this is where it's heading," says Chilton. "But nobody'd figured out quite how to do it."

That's because it's a business filled with pitfalls. Putting together the right food stuffs, so they appeal to many taste buds and deliver in a convenient, complementary speed, outfitting and maintaining a pipeline for quality ingredients, packaging the food, and in *Crazy Plates* case, using up to five separate pouches inside the box, transporting frozen items, making deals with grocers to get space on the shelves, preferably at eye level, getting the right volume to the supermarkets here

neither too much nor not enough, catching the attention of busy, already-bored consumers—anywhere along the line, a move could mean a disaster, and that in a business where even the money-makers on night marjor. The Podolskes and Chilton knew it would be tough. Still, says Gretz, "like our cookbooks, we wanted to do something that had never been done before."

After 15 months of work, "unpaid," as the girls like to point out—developing recipes, testing the products, designing the packages, and finding suppliers and vendors—the first meal kit went on the shelves of selected Ontario stores owned by Loblaw Cos. Ltd. in April, 2001. By late the next month, they'd doubled. "We were on the wrong track," Chilton says. The "terminal moment" came in June, following all things, a golf tournament. At 1 a.m., Chilton phoned Gretz and Janet. "We've got to start over," he told them. There were two problems. The packages

were unattractive and, more significantly, the meal kits, originally designed to serve families of four or five, were too big and, at \$13.95, too expensive. "We need a new price point and new packaging," Chilton told Janet and Gretz. "It was awful," says Gretz. There were 50,000 dinners in the freezer in the stores and the warehouse. "The girls said, 'What are we going to do with that?'" recalls Chilton, and I said, "We're going to give it all away."

Chilton paid \$500,000 to the grocers to buy the food back. Over the summer months, at supermarkets across Ontario, Gretz and Janet handed out the *Crazy Plates* dinners, one by one, along with a letter advising they'd goofed and asking customers to check out their new product line that fall. "We got great goodwill from the Loblaw grocers," says Chilton. "We got all of our product out and it enabled us to start over. But it was a big move. I mean, it was a huge move."

Meanwhile, in the evening, Gretz, who is the family chef, assembled to rework the line, Janet, the marketer and self-declared kitchen klutz, created the Web site. Chilton negotiated with suppliers and grocers and began looking for investors.

He found an answer in the first door he knocked on. William Holland, a longtime Chilton fan and the chief executive of CI Mutual Funds Inc., one of Canada's largest fund companies, drove an hour and a half from Toronto to Kitchener to have dinner at Gretz's 18th-century farmhouse home—and test kitchen. "He didn't ask us many business questions," Chilton says. Gretz worried that "maybe we didn't sell him hard enough." But the next day Holland told Chilton "Call when you want your cheque."

While Holland calls the food business "outrageously competitive," he was won over by the quality of the food and by Chilton's impressively successful track record. "I didn't even know I was having the frozen food," Holland says. He personally invested \$1 million in the *Crazy Plates* venture, contributing more of the outside capital Chilton had been seeking. A second, private investor put up the remaining \$250,000 that, with \$1 million already from Chilton, is the company's funding.

Now, with the dinners—of a better size and price—in Loblaw and at affiliated grocery stores across Ontario, and with previous-week radio ads starting March 4,

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Business

the radio move it to go national. The radio ads are a key component of the campaign, and as with much else they've done, the Podolski and Chilton are going against the grain. They are creating low-cost, low-key and low-production-value ads, which means there's no background music, the only voices on the ads are Janet's and Gretchen's—no hired performers—and they write most of the ads themselves. "While pretty confident, but we're hesitant, and so are our investors, that our radio advertising will be much more effective than most people's radio advertising," says Chilton. "That's the loop of fact involved in our business."

The low-key radio pitch reinforces the

image of the girls as the underdogs—the image that for now is true. But to make the venture a success, they know they have to grow and have their dancers distributed nationally. Right now, the profit margin, at about 20 per cent, is about half what other food product companies make, says Chilton, who admits he is "impressed" by the slim profits. "We have to become a really big company to be successful," he says. "We can't be a cute success story." The trick will be to hold onto their folkie appeal, while growing to huge proportions. The idea might be hokey, but with the Podolski and Chilton at the helm, it doesn't look like a loser.

CRASH! CRAZY PLATES REVIEWED



So how good are Crash! Crazy Plates meals? Maclean's asked the toughest reviewer we know: our sister publication *Canada's News*. Here is *Paula Laine Morda-Rosenberg's* report:

The number is such a highly competitive one. Today's fitness dieters often have to be a step to prepare, quick to heat, fast-forgotten, and for you and me, respectively, paleo-diet-friendly. Always this contest. We put all the Crash! Crazy Plates through a fitness test in the *Canada's News* kitchen. And since this product is aimed at busy people with sophisticated palates but little cooking skills, we asked 26 of our colleagues to have test meals as well. In our first kitchen, the Crash! Crazy Plates boxes took up much more valuable storage space than if they had come in flexible bags. The large-pot, chicken, or fish proteins, however, were easy to heat and follow all Crash! Crazy Plates dieters are designed for the plate, and we have to live with the packages to open, to eat, to make up, etc., there are no microwave directions. Cooking times on the products run from 10 to 30 minutes. Some must rest for a few more minutes before you can dig in.

When the test kitchen staff got to the last leg stage, the size of the portion of the plate, also had regular dinner top marks. The downsides included rather bland flavors in all the

dishes, unnecessary and off-putting sweeteners in the two rice-based dishes, and definitely not enough food to satisfy these people. All packages state these servings in two high ones. A couple of our hotel clients supply us the whole package at one sitting.

Since the food products are known for healthy ingredients, we surveyed the nutrient profiles, based on six of the five as a meal. Fat content varied between 5.1 g in the *Wheat* like at Chilton's to 6.6 g in the *Warm Curry Potato* pasta plate. The *Shrimp* chicken plate has 4.7 g, but if you will down half the box instead of the one-third that the package's nutritional amounts is based on the fat content for the six try jumps to seven grams. To even the low fat label, the fat grams per serving cannot exceed three.

Our latest review gave a collective thumbs-up rating of seven out of 10 for the overall fat and taste of the dieters, but when asked if they would be willing to invest over \$9.99 for a box 73 percent said no. As one letter said, "I'm not sure my diet plate would be quickly a five-star if the plate with salt was too." The bottom line: \$20 may seem pricey when so many dieters are a step or two away from a single package and measuring without help.

Canada's Best Kept Secret



Shane Mackin
Paralympic athlete
and David Wilby
Olympic athlete



Henry Wohler thinks it's time to shout from the rooftops. "We are one of the country's best kept secrets."

Canadians don't know enough about us. We have to get the message out," he says in a voice that's a mix of pride and passion. As chef de mission of the Canadian Paralympic contingent, Wohler will lead the Canadian team that's going for gold in Salt Lake City at the eighth Winter Paralympic Games. From March 7 until March 16, 1,000 athletes and team officials from 35 nations will come together for Paralympic competition and celebration.

Canadians will have a lot to cheer about. The Canadian team, which consists of 27 athletes and 27 team officials, is full of World Champions and Paralympic Medalists. At the Nagano Games in 1998, the team accounted for 15 medals, and at the 2000 Summer Paralympics in Sydney, Canadian athletes captured 96 medals, finishing third overall, ahead of the United States.

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Paralympic athletes are classified according to their type of disability and their functional ability. The classifications—people with amputations, people with cerebral palsy, people with spinal-cord injuries and people who are visually impaired—help ensure parity among athletes competing in the same category.

At the Salt Lake City Games, Paralympic events will be alpine skiing, cross-country skiing, biathlon and sledge hockey. As in the mainstream Olympics, Alpine is composed of the downhill, super-G, giant slalom and slalom disciplines. Athletes with single-leg amputations use a single ski ski crutches or orthopedic aids. Those with double-leg amputations or paralysis use a sit-ski or mono-ski. Competitors with arm amputations compete without the use of poles. Blind athletes have guides who ski beside or in front of them and communicate with them through a whistle-bell.

Canada's Alpine ski team is led by the two Wis. Karolina (Goldie) Wardenko and Lauren Woolstencroft. Wardenko, who earned her nickname by winning a gold medal at her first major competition, also captured two silver medals at the Nagano Paralympics. The 25-year-old Calgary native, who has cerebral palsy, speaks three languages and is a graduate of McGill University. Her teammate, Lauren Woolstencroft, a 20-year-old amputee also from Calgary, was ranked number one in the world in downhill and super-G at the end of 2001. As electrical engineering student at the University of Victoria, Woolstencroft also won three gold medals at the 2000 World Championships.

Cross-country is run in three categories: sit, stand and visually impaired, and includes classic and freestyle skiing at

distances stretching from 2.5 km to 20 km. In the biathlon, athletes ski three 2.5-km legs and stop to fire at five targets between each of the skis.

Canada's small but strong cross-country and biathlon contingent is led by Shaunna Marie Whyte, a three-time World Cup winner from Hinton, Alta., who competes in both. Collette Bourgeois, a cross-country skier and elementary school teacher from Saskatchewan, has reached the Paralympic podium in both Summer (wheelchair racing) and Winter Games. Another pair to watch for is the brother combination of Brian and Robyn McKenney of Canmore, Alta. The 22-year-old Brian, who qualified and competed in the (able-bodied) 1998 World Junior Championships, is racing for top honours in the 20-km free-technique event. His guide in the race will be older brother Robyn, a legend in the cross-country world who has won nine (able-bodied) Canadian National Championships.

Sledge hockey, played by athletes with locomotor disabilities, uses the same rules, Olympic-sized surface and nets as the regular game but differs from it in that athletes sit behind onto an aluminum frame that is belted to a pair of skate blades. Players are also equipped with two metre-long, laminated fiberglass sticks that have a puck at the top of the shaft. With the sticks, players are able to pass, stickhandle and shoot the puck, and use the puck to propel and manoeuvre their sleds.

The team, which is the reigning World Champion and silver-medal holder from the Nagano Games, ranges in age from 17 to 47. Two of the youngest players to suit

Team Canada at Nagano, losing team USA, with a goal by 15 Todd Nicholson, assisted by 61, Harv Lord.

up for the national squad are teenagers Billy Bridges and Graeme Murray Murray, who is the nephew of Steve Yzerman, the former Montreal Canadiens star, and made the national team at the age of 15. Seventeen-year-old Billy Bridges has already won World Championships with both the sledge team and the Canadian junior wheelchair basketball squad. At the other end of the spectrum is Pierre Pichette, a 47-year-old grandfather who is rated as the best sledge hockey goalie in the game. Pichette is sponsored by Team Canada Olympic athlete Martin Brodeur, who is a fellow goalie with the New Jersey Devils.

Helping the athletes fulfill their dreams is the Canadian Paralympic Committee, a non-profit, charitable, private corporation that governs and supports



Shaunna Marie Whyte shooting during the biathlon.

the Canadian Paralympic team. Thanks to a major fund-raising drive initiated by Senator Joyce Fairbairn and such major sponsors as Pfizer, Sports Canada and the RCMP, the committee has raised the \$200,000 needed to send the team to Salt Lake City. The committee is currently running an ongoing campaign to raise the \$1.6 million needed to ensure the team can compete in Athens in 2004 as well as another \$1 million to fund grassroots programs. "We are in trouble and asking for help, but we are confident that we are moving in the right direction," says CPC director general Brian MacPherson.

For more information go to www.paralympic.ca

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Donald Coxo

Games auditors play

How should the judges assess the real value of S&P? If you mean S&P and P&S, the answer seems to be, "It all depends on what arrangements the judges made to determine the outcome."

If you mean the Standard & Poor's 500, then the answer seems to be, "It all depends on what arrangements the accountants made to determine the outcome." Many companies in that august group have been renegeing their scores on a scale that makes French and Russian slating judges look like saints by comparison.

The Enron debacle has finally focused attention on the widespread accounting follies that fed the Wall Street frenzy of the late 1990s. The so-called "Clinton bull market" took on the character of its namesake—brash, energetic, optimistic, mendacious and loaded with bull. Substantial elements of the so-called production, supposedly the independent scorers and judges of corporate behaviour, were sucked into this long, Feltz-esque orgy. Disaster was the inevitable outcome.

The U.S. has begun to count the costs to the economy and financial markets of an era in which many companies became wizards at ensuring that their costs went unaccounted. Enron supplied villainy and veracity on a Texas-sized scale, stunning the public and politicians. But even if every charge of self-dealing and fraud were proved, it wouldn't explain how the seventh biggest company in the U.S. vapourised.

As Tennessee Republican Senator Fred Thompson remarked, what was really shocking was not so much what they did that was illegal, but the things they did that were legal. That is what ruins the stock and debt markets. No serious commentator argues that hundreds of U.S. companies are run by crooks. But many observers (including me) believe that hundreds of U.S. companies—including almost all technology companies—have been issuing misleading financial reports that overstate their earnings, sometimes wildly.

What are the games companies (and their auditors) play? The list, regrettably, is long, but I shall discuss only two, perhaps the most prized recipes for culinary accounting.

First is the way U.S. companies account for stock options in their earnings statements. They don't. All those corporate insiders who become (and still are) very rich through exercise of stock options didn't cost shareholders a nickel, according to company reports. (They even get tax deductions, thereby skulking other earnings from taxes.)

Example: *senior* CEO John Chambers of Cisco Systems Inc. exercises options on a million shares of stock at \$10 when

Cisco is trading at \$50. Cisco may offer that issuance of a million shares by buying that number in the open market at \$50 or so. The company's accounts show an increase of \$10 million in paid-up capital, but no costs for selling the company's biggest asset—its stock—at an 80 per cent discount, or for replacing those shares with shares bought five times their price.

While talking of tens—perhaps hundreds—of billions of dollars of compensation earned by corporate insiders that doesn't show in the companies' financials. Why? It's not because the self-regulating board of the accounting profession didn't try. The Financial Accounting Standards Board, based in Norwalk, Conn., tried in the early 1990s to get companies to show those costs in their earnings statements. But the technology companies and their Wall Street allies led an assault on the board's proposal. It culminated in a resolution passed by a vote of 88-9 in the U.S. Senate that blocked the board from imposing the rule. The leader of that fight in Congress, Connecticut Senator Joe Lieberman, who now one of those buying leaders against Enron.

Had that rule passed, we'd never have had the such mania, which would mean we wouldn't have had the recession either. British accounting expert Andrew Stammers says Cisco would have posted a US\$4.9 billion loss instead of a \$1.3 billion profit had the rule been in force in 1998. (At the height of the mania, Cisco was briefly the most expensive company in the world, worth more than either Microsoft or General Electric.) Almost all such companies whose shares skyrocketed would have had major earnings cuts had the rule existed. In other words, this most dynamic of industries has been going away from reporting 100 per cent of the costs of the biggest component of its entire compensation system—stock options.

Another favoured game is Special Purpose Enterprises, or SPEs. These are companies or partnerships with at least three per cent outside ownership that are set up off the parent company's balance sheet. The debt for these enterprises usually doesn't show on the company's balance sheet, and the profits or losses are recognized by the parent more or less at will.

The games may be up. Because of Enron, there's a chance the accounting standards board will try to restore its options rule and come up with constraints on SPEs. Bad news for tech stocks and crooks. Wonderful news for investors. Great example for the Olympics.

Donald Coxo is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jones Howard Investments.

BY KEN MACQUEEN and
JAMES DEACON in Salt Lake City

Behold the long-suffering Canadian sports fan. A canoe boat, prone to moans and grumbling and yet, for all that, possessed of a seemingly undiminished, utterly unquenchable, sense of optimism. This one thing will be different. This time my heart will not break.

And so it was here in the sleepy burg of Ogden, Utah, during the 19th Winter Games, the first Rex Bob Spicer of Mission, B.C., wrapped himself quite literally in the Canadian flag and sat in the stands to live and die by the success of our plucky Canadian curlers. And it was in here in Salt Lake City that Calgary businessman John Podolasek drove in a camper to fill the bed of his 12-year-old daughter Sarah with memories and dreams, for one day she will be a great lady. And to have her picture taken with former Cray Canada Ken Read, thereby honoring both past and future.

And it was here in the High Mormon university city of Provo that four 22-year-olds—Eric Hutton and Darrell Teneau of Thib. B.C.; Dan Buchanan of Harris, Alta.; and Stephen Kadis of Calgary—did adorn themselves with red body paint, and fence the walls of a modest upscale, and fill their fake boucanel with Canadian rye. This is hardly unusual in the event that Canada's most hockey games might fall to Germany. In fact, they won, and so the flickering dream burned a bit brighter. Hope is eternal in the tides. Great expectations, too great expectations for our 157 athletes at these Games, were pulled near and again off the shoals, so they might be dashed yet again.

Was it only Feb. 6 in a Canadian fire in Salt Lake that some chef de mission Sally Rebarick was brazenly predicting this team would finish third in the medal? Instead, Canada made no forward progress and struggled not to backslide, while the massive U.S. investment in preparing athletes as well as facilities for these Games paid extraordinary dividends. They more than doubled their record medal count, meaning the dominant snow sports power in North America is now a country Canadians vote to lag winter beach time.

But, hey, no pressure. As Canada spun out, the fast-curved cheer God-given right to free speech, and it seemed, to those athletes naive enough to learn, the

the walls of 30 million lost souls filled their every waking hour.

In the second week, the short-track races did as part to boost the medal totals despite the usual chills and spills. The women's 3,000-m relay team captured a bronze, and the enduring Marc Gagnon skated to bronze in the men's 1,500-m. But long-track speed skaters finished out of the medals, a major disappointment to Jeremy Worsterpoon, Mike Ireland and Duane Molella, who all had a realistic hope of reaching the podium. Canons Le May Down did not add to her previous week's gold and Cindy Klassen, something of a surprise because maddening the five weeks, finished fourth in the 1,500-m, a result that was less of a disappointment than an exceeded expectation.

When the women's speed-skating competition concluded, so too did the Olympic careers of Canada's two great female sprinters, Le May Down and Susan Auch. "It was hard to come off the ice," said Auch, a two-time Olympic silver medalist. "It's always emotional at the end of an Olympics, but it was more so today." Le May Down just seemed relaxed. She had borne the weight of being the prohibitive favorite—prior to the women's 500, one local paper called her "the same bet for gold at these Games"—as well as carrying the flag going into the opening ceremonies. She took a long time untying her skates after the 1,000, lingering on the bench. "The doves what I can hear," she said later, "and I'm happy with that."

There was a less-satisfying Olympic disappointment for ice dancer Shae-Lynn Bourne and Victor Kraatz, whose near-perfect free skate ended with them collapsed in a heap on the ice after a momentary lapse of focus in the closing seconds of their performance. The heartbreak lode were relegated to another Olympic fourth place.

So dismal were the medal downhill results that the Canadian Alpine Ski Team announced mid-Games that it was firing four coaches and terminating the men's World Cup racing program for the rest of the 2002 season. There were disappointing finishes by Ed Podivinsky and Darrin McInnes, and worse luck dogged David Anderson. His hopes of racing in the super-G and combined ended after an angry crash into a winch cable of a snow-grooming machine left him hospitalized for several days with soft tissue injuries.

There were highlight-and victories, too. Who can forget Canadian Decker Sorel's

THE GAMES OF THEIR LIVES

Amid disappointments, Canada's Olympians gave some inspired performances

drainage rush to become in cross-country skiing, or the NASCAR-style short-track crash that left the last man standing, Australia's Steven Bradbury, with a gold? Canada's Mathieu Turcotte burn-aid across the finish line, safe at third place with a bronze. There's a moral victory of sorts in the Canadian-inspired reforms to figure-skating judging, announced here. If accepted by the International Skating Union, an arcane and dubious system of ranking skaters will be replaced by one as fair and open as, say, the selection of the next Pope.

The waiver path to success may have been avoiding the hype altogether. Way outside the freestyle skiing world had heard of Veronica Breenner and Doreen Diorne until they emerged as the after and before models in women's aerials? Both women wanted it that way. No buses, both women wanted it that way. No buses, both women wanted it that way. "We were flying under the radar," said Breenner. All the way to the podium.

There was no hope of that for the high-profile help on the men's hockey team. By mid-week the grassroots public doubt and criticism caused even Wayne Gretzky, the team's usually unflappable executive director, to blow a fuse. In the Provo arena, Canadian Stephen Korkus exploded a fresh view of the gold-medal status. "I think if we don't win," he said, "Canada loses part of its identity." But, hey, no pressure.

For American athletes, virtue is its own reward, but a gold pays US\$25,000, silver, \$15,000, bronze, \$10,000. The payouts were less evident elsewhere, and the search for sponsorship was ongoing. In Utah last week, several countries were knocking on the usual suspects, none more enthusiastically than Russia. Its sports leaders, citing "non-objective" judging in figure skating, hockey and cross-country skiing (in the latter, Larin Lazarev was disqualified for high levels of hemorrhoids, a possible sign of drug use), made hollow noises about leaving only. They also threatened to take a pass on the 2004 Summer Games in Athens, an unwelcome return to the boycott of the Cold War era.

Canadians, who crashed in major lumps, pushed to have the pure medals of Jesse Gile and David Pelletier upgraded from silver to first-class, aren't likely to run crying to the IOC. For years to come. Although, hey, what gives with that dyspeptic American referee in the Canadian women's gold-medal game? In history we're magnificent: she was probably



Breenner took off; brace in the women's 3,000-m short-track relay; a tumble for Breenner and Kozak



AP/WIDEWORLD



rearing the Canadians by keeping at least one in the penalty box at all times.

For all the great performance, the lingering, organizing of 2002 is of disappointment and concern for the future. Federal secretary of state for senior sport Paul DeVilliers, appointed to the post in January, inherits a portfolio that was decimated by massive cutbacks to national team funding in the 1990s. This resulted

in predictably poor results at the 2000 Summer Olympics, at last year's world track and field championships in Edmonton and, to a lesser extent, in Salt Lake. Some of the funding has since been restored, and DeVilliers says he wants to get former greats such as speed skater Gertjan Bouchar, bikerite Myrman Beisler and skier Ken Read more involved with directing summer sport policy. But Canadian



In the men's short-track 1,500-m race, Hagman raced to a third-place finish

high-performance development programs are thus on up-and-coming talent in both summer and winter disciplines.

The skeleton isn't just about handing money to athletes, DeVilliers says. It's about back-and-forth, too. The facilities left behind by Olympics in Calgary and Montreal are getting long in the tooth. The opportunity to train on the oval in Calgary, for instance, helped Canada develop a strong speed-skating team, but that advantage is being lost to Americans who have access to state-of-the-art facilities recently built south of the border. "We need more training facilities," he says, "and in more than just one location in the country."

Aware of the shortcomings, amateur sports leaders were startled by the Canadian Olympic Association's prediction of 20 medals in Salt Lake. Even more shock-

ing was the COA's claim that its team would contend with heavyweights from Germany, Russia and the U.S. for the overall medal title by the 2010 Games. If so, where is the kind of young talent that put 16-year-old American figure skater Sarah Hughes on the gold-medal podium? Canada's team leaders have no answer. Many—Le May-Dun, Jean-Luc Beaudet, Elva Seogin, Bouscane and Kinner included—are on the verge of retirement from international competition. "I know you need a target, a goal," the diplomatic DeVilliers told Maclean's. "But when you say we're going to win a certain number of medals, well, I don't think that's the best way to measure the effectiveness of your program."

No, there were few too many personal bests and inspiring moments to write this

THE B.C. SOFT SELL

They're everywhere at the Salt Lake Winter Games, gold-colored, isn't that with its byline message of inspiration. No, the Germans are too busy trading Olympic pins to postulate. These malleables are selling the International Olympic Committee as the winners of awarding the 2010 Games to Vancouver and Whistler.

The Vancouver bid committee spent \$700,000 to build 400 local politicians, athletes and media staff to Utah for a Olympic showcase. Vancouver is among eight cities bidding for the Games, including New Mexico, Switzerland and Salzburg, Kitzbühel, Austria. New spins offer the Salt Lake bid: ski resorts just added links on controlling cities. He even lists gifts of the star-jackets for IOC members. At this early stage—the vote is in July, 2003—even overt campaigning is taboo.

No members of the IOC have given word to "bumping" into Canadians while they sit in Vancouver at their heavily fortified Little America Hotel. Former IOC boss Juan Antonio Samaranch



looked up from his 40th birthday one day to find Canada's Whistler Winter Sports Cup—dragging away on the neighbouring treacherous. Vancouver played into the competition. "We've taken a heavy approach and it's worked well for us," says John Pickering, chief operating officer for the bid. "We've been really involved."

Mounting a bid can be a costly, not least, involving campaign, in both Toronto and Quebec City. Now Vancouver Whistler has budgeted \$34 million, subdivided by federal, provincial and business support. Now the Games and the next exceeds \$1 billion for such facilities as ski jumps, a speed-skating oval, expanded connections in Vancouver and Whistler and improvements in the pipeline: highway between the two

off a future Canadian fan and future athletes will take from this, to from all great experiences, the seal of hope. And while the ground is follow and the funding poor, these will sprout, improbably, in a few more years.

A little boy in Ottawa will drop his hockey stick for the long blades of speed skating. A little girl in B.C., another in Quebec and others in every whistling stop on the Prairies, will have watched the television, transfixed by a hospital in Kelly Law once was, and they will pick up a skating broom. And another girl, perhaps even in Veronica Breenner's tiny hometown of Shawa, Ont., or Doreen Diorne's Blod Dear, Alta., will defy gravity and economic common sense by becoming an aerial skier.

One day, maybe five years, or eight, or 17 years from now, we will read their names, too. And the best of them will say, as Breenner and Diorne did in the days after their medals, that there was no sacrifice in what they did. Not in the face of practice, or the night money or even in the past of Breenner's reconstructed knee. "What people call sacrifices," says Diorne, "I call opportunities." And so the dream endures.

HOW'S HOCKEY? THE SALES FOR BOLD and other games in the Greater U.S. have a record.

notes. "This is not a government spending project," Smith bid president Jack Pate. "This is a government collecting project." A political study estimates the Games could generate more than 200,000 jobs, up to \$2 billion in tax revenue and a modest boost.

Big numbers, but consider the daunting price tag in Salt Lake City estimates predict a break-even budget of \$255.94 million. Part of that is offset by a staggering US\$400 million raised in corporate sponsorships. Salt Lake's very success relies on that not-so-distant countries are being paid out of the market, a source chafed by the IOC. Canadian IOC member Dick Pound is chairing a committee attempting the thinking tank of "de-risking" the Games. But how much can be in the up of excessive security concerns remains to be seen.

Now that's the ultimate impact of the figure-skating. For Canada brought major sympathy points, but did time the IOC's own emboldened sports director of France, Bessis and his former skaters? When it comes to kicking goals, figure skating has nothing to teach the IOC.

Ken Maclean



St. Pierre and her mates in their moment of glory

AT LONG LAST GOLD

Canadian women grab the country's first Olympic hockey title in 50 years

I was tuning sticks and helmets and seas of joy when an avalanche of jubilant teammates buried Kim St. Pierre. She was the perfect target—heavily padded, the 23-year-old goaltender could absorb the crash. And she had played brilliantly in Canada's hard-fought 3-2 victory over the United States in the gold-medal Olympic hockey final. St. Pierre stopped 25 shots, many from in close, and smothered countless rebounds when danger lurked.

Away from the pile of seething huzzas, someone handed defender Geraldine Heaney a flag. The 34-year-old veteran held it out in front of her and looked at it for a second and then another second before she began shaking around the ice with it over her head. The occasion was not just an honor—it had averted a knee injury just one month before the Games were to begin, and nearly missed the chance to be a part of it all. And there was something else. "I stopped on the ice tonight and thought, 'Wow, this is go-

ing to be my last game,'" smiling Heaney said afterward. "Even in the warm up, I stayed out there as long as I could." The only woman to have won gold medals at every women's World Hockey Championship—seven since 1990—looked down at the Olympic gold medal clipped in her hands and smiled. "And now this..."

For both teams, there could not have been a more emotion-charged game. The Canadians had been favored in 1998 and were devastated to lose that one, just as the Americans were inconsolable last week after going into the final as heavy favorites. "We've been waiting for this for a long time," Canadian captain Hayley Wickenheiser said, "so it's really sweet." Canada had lost its last eight games against the U.S., but the result here was no fluke. Led by Wickenheiser and Vicki Snare, the Canadian penalty-killing unit thwarted the United States' power play and the bizarre and one-sided officiating of American net-

ter Stacy Livingston, who at one point called eight straight minors against Canada, many of them plainly unwarranted. If anything, though, the Canadians gained strength with each successful kill.

But the key to victory may have been a change in strategy by coach Danielle Sawangwa, who listened to the plea from her players and abandoned her typically conservative style. In past games, she insisted on playing defensively to protect even early one-goal leads. In the final, she let the forwards keep attacking, and it paid off as Jenna Hefford's dramatic breakaway with only one second left in the second period. That goal gave Canada a 3-1 lead and was, U.S. coach Ben Smith said, "the killer—that changed the entire game."

When someone writes the definitive women's hockey history, the 2002 Winter Games may turn out to be a pivotal event. Finland and Sweden showed signs they were beginning to catch up to the dominant North American squads, and greater parity is vital if the sport is to gain widespread respect. "Women's hockey has come so far from when we started," Heaney said. And especially for Canada, Salt Lake City

marked a generational turning point. Veterans such as Heaney and Gailie Campbell played key roles, but the team's great strength was its core of mid-twentysomethings, led by St. Pierre—named the tournament's top goaltender—and the incomparable Wickenheiser, the top forward.

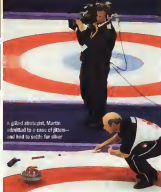
There were issues for the men's tournament too—it's still unclear whether the National Hockey League will agree to release its players for the 2006 Winter Games. But players weren't dwelling on the future here. For the women, a blowout victory came first, while the men, after beating Belarus, advanced to a gold-medal showdown with the United States. What- ever, the women had won Canada's first Olympic hockey gold medal in 50 years, and they were bursting with pride. "To be able to do something like this and share it with 20 other girls," said forward Tanny Lee Shewchuk, "well, it is just an incredible feeling." *James Duncan in Salt Lake City*

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A gifted strategist, Martin admitted to a case of jitters—and had to settle for silver.

CURLING COMES OUT

Bad jokes and all, Canada's other game achieved cult status in Utah

BY KEN MACQUEEN in Ogden

Her name is Khrystina Martin of Dunlop, Scotland. On ice, she looks sedate like a gunnery sergeant, and shepals usually like a game teller. She lists her occupations as housewife, and her hobbies—when not crashing the gold medal hopes of Kelley Law's dream team—as swimming and working out. Asked to describe his upset Olympic win over Canada, the skip of Great Britain's team recalled game defecation against Law. She offered a tight smile and a come reply: "Sweet revenge."

Aye, it's a blood sport, curling is. It's also fodder for comic commentators, late-night TV comics and snarkily guarded Olympic sports fans. When *Unlucky* call it dull, you are dealing with a huge image problem. "Did you see the curling today," Jay Leno asked his inattentive audience the other night. "Pretty exciting. The gold medal ended up going to a Brazilian clearing out."

Curling was the cult favorite of these Games, thanks to a thousand bad jokes, and more unprecedented 50 hours of NBC coverage. The first points of the sport—yes, dammit, Mr. and Mrs. America, it's a sport—are lost on the audience. But it's Canadian, and Canadians in Salt Lake are much beloved these Games, for their dose, their style, and their generous refusal to take a fair share of Olympic media.

Let the record show that the Brazilians did not win gold. That honour went to Great Britain, which beat Switzerland hours after Law's rink stormed back to win bronze against the U.S. women's team. As for the men, Kevin Martin's Edmonton-based rink filled on the final stone in the gold-medal game against Norway, settling for an agonizing silver.

Even their relaxed on-ice demeanor for most of the Games, Martin and his teammates—Dora Wächter, Carter Rycroft and Don Bartles—looked as if they were entered in a beer and podium

hospital in Red Deer. Far from it. Martin, a gifted strategist with a nose read of the ice, was determined to prove himself after a decade of bad luck on the world stage. "First things first, you to get something to hang on the handle—we do have that and that's really big," he said after a solid win against Sweden guaranteed at least a silver.

"The pressure you feel out there is so intense because you're trying to help your country out. It's not your own team dealing with your own team matter. That's a bigger picture here that's very important."

Martin admitted to the jitters, and perhaps ultimately succumbed to them—as experience that Law's heavily favoured New Westminster, B.C., rink would readily understand. Law and teammates Julie Skinner, Georgia Whissacoff and Diane Nelson looked none and right from the first end against the unforgiving Scots. Where many of Canada's mill-on-plus recreational curlers are known to take a solemn upon trying times, Law employed

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OLYMPICS



Lori's telephone team recovered from a shocking defeat to salvage bronze

a sports psychologist. This raised concerns among veteran Canadian sportswomen that curling has strayed too far from its Scottish roots.

The loss to Great Britain, only their second in nine games this Olympics, left the team stunned. "We're probably a little bit in shock," said a subdued Law. "We have passion for the game," added Whitcroft, "strong team," and "a very disappointing." The subsequent win was greeted with more relief than enthusiasm. Gold was the goal, said Law. "Unfortunately it didn't work out for us, so we enjoyed last night and said the bronze would be pretty sweet."

More than national pride was at stake. Before the Olympics, Law's telephone team cut a management deal with Vancouver agent Bruce Allen, whose clients include rocker Bryan Adams. While Law's risk was curling for gold, Allen was in Vancouver hoping to train their Olympic TV fan base into lucrative corporate sponsorships. He'd scored their potential in December while watching on his office TV their Olympic qualifying games in Regina. He was struck by a PG-rated sport with an R-rated partner. "The girls in my office," he recalls, "are listening to 'Sunder, Jordan, Faves, Faves,' and wondering what's going on in the room." His conclusion: "You know, these girls can be marketed."

He raised a deal with Vancouver-based Sandman Hotels, and docked out Team Law in black leather for a pre-Games publicity shoot. After managing rock stars, arena shows aren't much of a stretch. "You've got four game-looking girls, you've got a sport with Olympic television potential—that I can understand," he said. "Closest one to a button gets the pants. That's a lot easier than the music business." Allen didn't hide his disappointment at the lost gold, or his relief that they recovered to win bronze. "We move on," he said from Vancouver. "We're in a country that's only going to win about a dozen medals. I guess we're one of them."

The team will promote the upcoming release of *After Wild Swans*, Phil Gould's comic ode on curling (page 50). Then there's the lucky fact that the movie became game against the U.S. women's team was carried on MSNBC. "Kelsey Lane all of a sudden got a hell of a lot of exposure on American television," Allen says, "and that can only be good for her and good for the game."

The game, to put it kindly, is in its formative stages in the U.S. By the end of two weeks of Olympic play at the Ice Sheet, a supposedly trademarked hockey arena in the suburban Ogden, American fans were

finally learning to applaud the right shots. Tiesden and Madden cyclod through the screen, clucking phrases of curling, rules and vocabulary, as though on an anthropology field trip to observe the rock-baiting rituals of a lost tribe.

The Ogden Curling Club, which welcomes two hours of playing time a week away from hockey players and skaters, has done its best to keep the sport alive. It's even attempted to generate interest by holding seminars, using frozen wrapped bars as both curling stone and ultimate prize. The seminar, when it comes, is not always kind. Curling, raved *Meaningful* columnist Dave Barry after a visit to Ogden, "is one of the very few sports that combine the excitement of a heavy piece of granite sliding slowly across the ice with the excitement of deathly broom-wielding people in bowling attire moving frantically in the stone's path, like pawns on a board."

The ridicule doesn't upset Canadian curlers. Most have heard it all before from their own commentators, and Canadian third Don Widdush. "That's what curling needed was to get some negativity south of the border," he said. "Hell, lots of people think golf's boring." Besides, there's nothing like a medal to give you the last laugh.

ROMANCING THE STONE

A Canuck curling flick takes a shot at the gold

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Let's face it, curling is not the series of sports. It unfolds at a pace that makes cricketers look frenzied. And for the uninitiated, the sight of large slabs of granite gliding down the ice in slow motion while players sweep and scream like top tiers of psychotic headscrapers can seem, well, strange. Last week, at some of the Canadian athletes competing in slacker winter sports fell short of expectations, we began to pin our hopes on curling. We watched the women's team, with their matching hairdos, calmly chat about strategy as they looked against Britain. And we were bidding, middle-aged Kevin Martin doing as dozens of gold-faded to what, but none, for those who find the sport too slow, or the results too mixed, there's a movie that acts as a hair-of-the-dog antidote to Olympic fatigue: a curling movie about a bunch of losers who make good.

Flirting Canadian cinema with the timing of a well-placed rock, *Men With Brooms* is the new Great When Hope of Canadian cinema. Its director, cast, co-writer and co-producer, Paul Gross, the former *Mooseman* from *The Grind*, is arguably the country's most iconic leading man. In directing his first movie, he takes a shot rarely attempted in the sport of Canadian filmmaking, one no less peculiar than curling. Making a deliberate leap from the small to the big screen, Gross has tried to break the art-house mould of our cinema—with its pathological themes of incest, necrophilia and car-crash art—to create a populist romp for mainstream Canada.

A screwball sports comedy and with a frisson of romance, *Men With Brooms* is set in the fictional mining town of Long Bay. It's about a motley crew of curlers who try to secure a comeback with the help of an ad-libbed veteran, a magic-mathematician (later played by Leah McLaughlin [*The Naked Gun*]). From the opening scene of beavers stooping through the north woods to the strains

Gross served as director, star, co-writer and executive producer

Photo: David LaPointe

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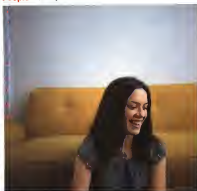
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People Edited by Shantia Dezel



Mounting Hollywood

Came this fall, Aston Mount will be hailed as one of Hollywood's most talented newcomers. His starring role in *The Truck-Mounted Cop*—which has already been well received at festivals—will earn him indie credibility. At the same time, playing a detective opposite Robert De Niro in *Cop by the Sea* will introduce him to a mass audience. But until those films are released, he'll be known as that guy in the *Batman* *Spun* movie. *Comment*

Mount, a 28-year-old from Toronto, was very about doing *Batman's* first movie. But after meeting and liking the pop genius, he signed on as the mysterious assassin who accompanies three teenage girlfriends on a cross-country road trip in Los Angeles. "I grew up with a single mother and I like working with a lot of women," he says. "I think they handle long-term stress better than men."

Mount studied drama at the University of the South in Seaside, Tenn., and at Calverton University in New York. Soon after graduating, he landed guest spots on TV's *Seinfeld* and *The West Wing*. And now Mount embarks on a film career—one that starts with him suffering *Batman* into worldhood. Could be worse.



Pop goes the fiddler

When she was nine years old, Lisa MacLennan started taking fiddle lessons in her native Creggville, N.S., from Stan Chipman, who was also teaching her big brother, Ashley. By 14, MacLennan—who also sings, step-dances and plays the guitar and piano—was performing in local folk festivals. But she planned on becoming a physician. "I got accepted into the science program at St. FX in Antigonish, went to first week and then never enrolled in any classes," she says. "I got the university thing out of my system in one week."

Now 23 and based in Toronto, she still hasn't got the music thing out of her system. For the past two years, MacLennan and bandmate Bentley MacEachern have been performing together as the pop duo *MadViolent*. (They are currently looking for a new name.) In December, the pair flew to London for a six-week stay and recorded with legendary British producer John Reynolds—the former drummer and ex-husband of Sinéad O'Connor. The CD comes out in the spring.

Although MacLennan is focusing mostly on pop, she hasn't abandoned her roots. "I still play traditional Celtic fiddle gigs with Ashley at square dances in Toronto and especially when I'm at home in Cape Breton," she says. "I don't feel like I have to choose one kind of music over the other."

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Midnight quests

Years ago, a small item in the newspaper caught the attention of playwright James Michener. A little boy taken on a picnic, is told to hold onto a fence until his parents come back. They never return. The image of this child stuck with Michener, and he's used this scene as the launching pad for his first

novel, *Midnight Call*. Based on the popular CBC radio series of the same name—which Michener wrote in the early 1980s—the book follows a young man's search for his past, before he was abandoned. "I like a classical quest," he says. "He had to go down into the darkness and find out who he was."

Michener, 62, who lives near Stratford, Ont., has written for theatre, TV and film since 1970.

He decided to challenge himself with a novel. "It was nice because I was the final editor," he says. "There was no editor, no director. I was both responsible for and in control of the characters." Still, there were some adjustments for the self-described natural-born novelist. "I don't notice clothing, I don't notice what kind of day it is," he says. "It always feels like it's noon." But he is on stage, TV radio or in print, Michener says, he'll find a way to raise his favourite theme—a test of courage in an uncertain world.



Photo: Peter Dinklage



After some rough kayaking, contestants hop into their SUVs

One-hour commercials?

No Boundaries takes Ford where no sponsor has dared go before

BY ROBIN ROBERTS

So you're flipping around the dial when you come across a hapless fellow clinging to the side of a cliff in the blistering sun. The camera cuts to a group dodging rapids in half-rubberized kayaks. Loos, more people inch their way across a glacier, then by piping crevasses. Guess, you think, *Ex-challenge* is back. Humans testing the limits of endurance and stamina under the crucible of conditions. Then the groups pile into plush, air-conditioned Ford SUVs. Hmmm. Other interlopers band, after hacking through dense forest or hiking along a rugged coastline, hop into their Ford SUVs. By the time the *fiat* Ford appears, you're thinking, *wait*—what's up here?

And something eerily on. The *Ex-challenge* crew—Survivor adventure series,

called *No Boundaries*, is a unique partnership between Vancouver's Lions Gate Entertainment and Ford Motor Co., designed to showcase the automaker's new line of SUVs. Hence the Fords in the show—which premieres on the WB and Global networks on March 3—as well as in the commercials. Now that you know, does it bother you? Are you thinking, "Hey, I've just been tricked into watching an hour-long infomercial for Ford?"

Ford and everyone else involved is banking that such thoughts won't cross your mind. They may be right. "If the product can develop a great adventure show with exciting events encompassing the province, then that's what does it matter who sponsors it?" says Ron Butler, 72, of Blind Bay, B.C., a retired engineering firm executive and avid TV viewer. His wife, Jill, 68, is more skeptical. "Having a show

that's created to advertise a product makes me wonder how phony the whole thing would be," she says with the companion for press. "I'd watch a couple of times to check it out but I doubt if it would hold my interest as *Survivor* does."

Direct corporate sponsorship of television shows isn't new—remember Milton Babbitt's *Twice Sea Theater* in the 1950s? And they don't call them "soap" operas for nothing.—Procter & Gamble, in fact, still owns and produces *Cosplay Light and the World Tour*. We've become used to product placement in top series. We may have rolled our eyes once a bucket of ice-cold Mountain Dew was dragged out on *Survivor*, but we kept watching.

The difference with *No Boundaries* is the deeper of Ford's involvement, on stage and behind the scenes. In addition to co-producing the series and bearing the majority

(no one will be more specific) of the US\$900,000-per-episode costs, Ford was involved in casting—presumably hand-picking ideal Ford buyers. It also maintained a presence on set to ensure its vehicles are portrayed as appealingly as possible. Plus, are? Sell? Get outta here!

Named after Ford's SUV marketing campaign, the show is hosted by corporate spokesman Troy Hartman, described in the production notes as "a world-famous speaker who recently hosted MTV's *Survivor: Aot of Volo*." It features 15 contestants ranging in age from 19 to 53, four of them Canadian, making their way north from Vancouver Island to the Arctic Circle via foot, boat, bike, llama, plane, train and Ford. The winner gets US\$100,000 and an SUV (you can guess which brand.)

The network-marketing partnership was the brainchild of Lions Gate, which secured the rights to the show from the Scandinavian Broadcasting System. It's based on a Norwegian series called *72 Degrees North*, and then approached J. Walter Thompson, Ford's U.S. advertising agency. "The agency had seen the success of *Survivor* and some of the sponsors getting huge exposure and returns on their investments," says Kevin Beggs, president of television production for Lions Gate. "It was looking at how to get involved in a more meaningful way, rather than just sponsoring or taking spots."

Not that anyone involved will admit to creating an hour-long commercial. "You'd have to have a lot more than of the car" for this to be true, argues Beggs. "The show's focus is really on the people and what they're doing, what they're feeling. What we achieved on behalf of Ford is a really rugged environment. You'd look at that place and say 'you'd really need an SUV to get around there.'" J. Walter Thompson's group communications director, Curt Johnson, insists that *No Boundaries* is no hour-long ad. "We couldn't do that. WB didn't want that. Global didn't want that. No one would want that. We can go and do an infomercial as a one-hour. That's not what this is about."

What this is about is 15 fit men and women scrambling over adversity—with a little help from their Ford SUVs—for 13 prime-time episodes. If the action can hold the demographic Ford wants, *No Boundaries* may well prove far more effective for the car giant than an infomercial or time buy. From the network's standpoint, much of the cost is covered by Ford, and

half the commercials are pre-sold to it as well. Should the series be a hit, other networks are set to jump on the gray train. NBC is already in negotiations with Coca-Cola to develop a Coke vehicle called *Stop-jump Show*, starring Gregory Hines.

So where does this leave viewers? While many bristle at the notion of big business intruding even more heavily over their living rooms, others actually couldn't care less. "In a world where most viewers actually see themselves as consumers, I would

imagine they will hardly notice," says Murray Perrenette, a sociologist at Toronto's Ryerson University. Contemporary viewers like to believe they are media savvy. Perrenette observes, but they're wrong if they think that makes them ad-proof. "You can be an astute critic, indeed, and still be handwringing into powerlessness even if you know exactly what's going on." If true, that's good news for manufacturers and advertisers. They too would have no boundaries.

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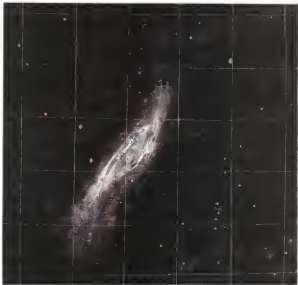
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HEAVEN AND HELL

Despite his private anguish, Paterson Ewen left works of fiery brilliance

BY RON GRAHAM

If Paterson Ewen had died in 1970, at the age of 45, he would at best be remembered as a minor Montreal artist: a few gentle landscapes after Goodridge Roberts, a few interesting abstracts à la Paul-Émile

Bondas, a couple of prison, some nice reviews. All through the 1950s and '60s, with a wife and four sons to support, he could paint only at night and on weekends while he worked as a rag salesman, anti-control officer or factory personnel supervisor. But, with the news of his passing on Feb. 17,

Ewen has been hailed as a genius, a giant, one of the greats of Canadian art. Nor did the transformation happen over 30 years! It happened miraculously, incomprehensibly, in less than two.

By the summer of 1971 Ewen's estrangement from François Sullivan, a beautiful, free-spir-

ited dancer and seer, had collapsed. His music, to which he was prone by nature and nurture as the neurotic and saddy child of an alcoholic father and cold mother, had led to heavy drinking, chronic anxiety, severe depression, and electroshock treatments. He had quit his family, his job and Montreal for solitude, pennilessness and a no-enclosed studio in London, Ont.—with that happened to have one of the liveliest art scenes in Canada at the time. Free, with nothing more to lose. Even now broke from his artistic past as well: "I was in my screw you period," he once told me, "where I didn't care if anyone bought or even showed what I was doing. I was only going to do things because I felt like doing them."

He gave up brushes for bits of ink, with which he dabbed black dots across white canvases. He gave up canvases for sheets of galvanized steel, to which he attached lengths of chain and pieces of linoleum. And then he had the strange idea of making a series of papercut woodblock prints by gouging deep cuts into a 4-by-8 plywood board. Suddenly, in a flash of pure creative inspiration, Ewen realized that the painted plywood was itself the finished work.

That technical innovation probably would have been enough to distinguish him in the eyes of critics, collectors and art historians. In nature and scale communicated a perceptible energy and strength, especially when Ewen replaced his hand gauge with a small electric router to carve out the dramatic pits and expressive lines. Yet that wasn't all. In a separate but simultaneous breakthrough, Ewen stumbled upon a set of new subjects that added even more power and originality to his new method: electrical storms, solar flares, northern lights, lunar eclipses, great waves, comets, icebergs, comets, galaxies and other natural phenomena. Together Ewen's form and content revolutionized the tired tradition of landscape painting in Canada and extended the genre to the very edges of the universe.

And a fairy tale, acclaim and money followed not long after he had given up on both. He landed a good job at the University of Western Ontario. His surreal exhibitions sold out. He met a bright architecture student, Mary Handfield, who later



The artist is best known for his depictions of the cosmos and dramatic weather

became his second wife. His work was celebrated by the 1982 Venice Biennale, major museum retrospectives and several documentary films. Yet the pot of gold did not come without costs. Even while he was being heralded for his spectacular sun and moons, vigorous watercolours and stunning portraits, he continued to suffer debilitating episodes of drinking, depression, hospitalization and ultimately the fruits of age.

"It's not difficult to become one of the best painters in Canada," he used to joke, "because everybody else quits." But Paterson Ewen was never really modest about his own talents. In fact, despite his well-known demagogue and megalomaniac speech,



his thick glasses and two-baring aids, his heavy shuffle and arthritic hands, he remained a man of some courage, funny conversation, subtle humour and unshakable self-confidence.

It's easy to interpret Ewen's art as a manifestation of his inner demons, as though his lightning bolts symbolized the voice of electricity that had coursed through his brain, or his moons were mere signs of his racy Ego; but in my opinion, wrong. For his art represented the best of him: his animal vitality, his playful intellect, his child-like wonder at the mysteries of nature. And though he's gone, they survive in exhilarating instruments to the strength of both his will and his vision.

Rae Graham is the author of "Thirty-five Sketches for a Portrait of Paterson Ewen," a biographical essay published in a book about the artist in 1996.

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Joining gangland's two solitudes

Assassinations and beatings. Greed and lawbreaking. Ambition. Vendettas, treachery and counter-treachery. *The Last Chapter*, CBC's 10-hour miniseries (beginning on March 30 about drug-dealing bikers, is a highly entertaining Jacobson drama on wheels. It's also highly topical, especially in Quebec, where real bikers have been murdering one another for years, and in Toronto, scene of the recent infamous handshake between Mayor Mel Lastman and a Hells Angel celebrating his gang's first anniversary in Ontario.

The miniseries opens with the Quebec-based Triple Sisters motorcycle gang (a paper-thin disguise for the Anglos) deciding to expand into Ontario. The Quebecers plan to take over the nation's largest illegal drug market by co-opting some of its smaller bike gangs and destroying the rest. The Toronto associate the South coasters as hitmen based in Bad Dangle (Michael Ironside), who is seemingly unable to oversee his long-time partner Ross DeBono (Roy Dupuis, the love-innocent *La Frenchie* / *White*) to join him. Unknown to anyone, the old friends have already cut a secret deal to divide the territory and share the profits. But they cannot control the situation, and the violence and pressure soon spiral out of control. When DeBono's wife is killed by a bike assassin for him, the two men become mortal enemies.

Funereal brilliance

When *The Sopranos* ended itself as the season by which white-collar crime was reborn, it left a hole in the TV landscape. *The Sopranos* was a show that had a lot to say about the mafia, even if it was a bit over-the-top. But HBO promoted this show about a family of funeral directors almost as passionately as *The Sopranos* makes someone else after. And that paid off with high ratings, critical praise and Golden Globes for lead character actor and best supporting actress (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer). Now some critics are saying, "Included tones, that *Sin City* director is even better than *The Sopranos*."

Starting its second season March 4 and 5 on the Movie Network and Movie Channel respectively, *Sin City* (under license) on the Flamingo (not really) brothers David (Michael) (Hally



Vendetta plays an ambitious biker who cannot control the violence he sets in motion

His plan that runs the colors of the car, mostly ironside, who looks menacing even in good-guy roles, and Dupuis, with his dogmatic poker face, just as arduous as the baroque violence and fast pace are. *The Last Chapter* criticizes treachery. (Reflecting the motorcycle gang's semi-democratic origins, the South coasters' plan is decided by a vote, with the bikers' consent and non-violence provisions, they don't even their opinion aloud, but voice them on days.)

And it's *Canine* a story—franchise-bike bikers moving into the Anglo heart-

land—that is presented as unprecedented portraiture in drama between the English and French sides of the CBC. All scenes were double-shot in both languages, with French dialogue coach Louise Legrand (who the French laws down into syllables into the Anglo actors could "find sounds in English that would compound" (the Radio-Canada version starts on March 6). It was, thus, involved again, a smooth co-production, though no more successful than the bikers' own bilingual, bicultural, cross-country business campaign.

—Dorian Brehme



Sin City's lead actor

the producers' joint independent filmations for each episode. Including Canada's Jeremy Podesh (the *Star* Series) "I think there is an aesthetic common between my network and Ben Bell," says Podesh, who collected an upstart series and returns this year. "We were scheduled in European art film as much as in American filmmaking. It's a beauty junkie. But our film artists also share a non-conformist attitude toward cinema." "Senseless they believe well and switches freely," says Podesh. "And what happens to them is really brutal and complex." (Adding to *Sin City* under's Canadian content are guest appearances by Sandra Oh, who played a poor actress last season, and Moby Dick, who portrays a hippie this year.) Turns out the death-cann industry is just as fascinating as waste management.

—Dorian Brehme

Episcopal regret

Lent, the Christian season of penitence, is an appropriate time to publish Richard Holloway's *Devils and Lovers* (Publishers Group West). The noted Anglican bishop of Edinburgh looks much to report of in his religious institutional life. One particular was point, "the most traumatic experience of my life," he writes, was the 1998 Anglican conference that condemned homosexuality "with the beautiful plot of a Northern rally." Afterwards Holloway embarked on a lengthy process of self-searching, concluding that he had become "in my 60s the kind of bishop I attacked in my 30s." Many ex-Christians will find Holloway's picture of fundamentalism familiar, but his response is not. For all his condemnation of archaic dogma and customs, Holloway remains a true believer whose book is an attempt to set out a postmodern Christianity.



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The feel-good Games

It's a Winter Games that welcomed competitors from Nepal and Fiji, maybe it shouldn't have been such a stretch to imagine an Australian winning the freestyle aerials gold. But realistically, Alex Campbell had no shot: the 27-year-old took up skiing only eight years ago and had never won anything—"not even a coffee," she says. Yet she nailed the two best leaps of her life when it counted, and faster than you can say "Aussie Aussie Aussie, Oi Oi Oi," she was a champion.

An even bigger surprise showed in the Melbourne nerve-racking action—a party of joy beyond the mere thrill of victory—when she discovered her mum and dad were at the bottom of the hill on congratulatory feet. She had finally told family members not to waste their money traveling to Salt Lake since there was no hope third was. Then, after the last jump, she said, "I heard my sister screaming—it's a scream I've heard since I was 18 months old." Her smile widened and her eyes quivered. "I was so happy," she said, hardly needing to explain.

The Olympics have taken a well-deserved beating in recent years. The multi-billion dollar marketing apparatus has been ruined by bid-city bribery scandals, performance-enhancing drugs and rigged judging. Yet the Games themselves are rife with feel-good, Campbell-esque stories.

Maybe it's because the Olympics stand for something. Organized back in 1896 hoped the competitions would

help disparate nations gain a better understanding of one another. At the very least, other countries are learning about Canada. Overcast TV ratings for curling have skyrocketed, and the International Olympic Committee seems to be precisely every hockey game were full of African delegates, including Kop Kembo, the great Kenyan distance runner. "He's unity for hockey," says Canadian IOC member Paul Henderson. "He keeps yelling, 'Hi the hill! Doesn't matter—he loves it.'"

The real justice of the Games, though, is the Olympic quest, the great intangible that links the entire beyond mere sport: It was expressed perfectly back in 1988 by Larry Lervick, a Finn sailor from Edmonstone, who, while in position to win a medal at the Summer Games in South Korea, killed his own chances when he veered off course during a race to rescue a competitor from Singapore who'd been knocked overboard into the choppy waters off Pusan. Norway's great Jalmar

Olay Kos was similarly eloquent when, after his first of three speed-sliding victories at the 1994 Winter Games, he pledged his gold-medal bonus—then worth about US\$40,000—to help the people of war-torn Sarajevo. Kos and other Olympians have since raised more than US\$36 million to support recreational sports for children in the world's poorest regions.

The spirit is here, too, among some folks in Provo who took the women's hockey team from Kazakhstan under their wings.

The Kazakhs arrived wearing stained and mismatched sweaters and without pocket money. Well, not totally without: goalie Natalya Trunova had a whopping \$30 to spend in her three weeks in Utah. A transportation volunteer, Shannon Arnoldson, did some fundraising and others donated new sweaters and fuzzy packs. Discreetly, Arnoldson and friends put the gifts on the seats of the team's bus while the women were playing Sweden. They included cards congratulating the players on their courage and sacrifice. When the Kazakhs boarded the bus and saw the gifts, says coach Alexander Malisev, tears burst into tears.

For stirring, athletic performances, none were better than Beckie Scott's. The 27-year-old from Vermilion, Ala., did what no North American had done since 1976—won an Olympic medal in cross-country skiing. It was a killer finish in the five-kilometer pursuit. Scott timed

her closing sprint brilliantly to edge pre-race favorite Katerina Neumannová of the Czech Republic by a fraction at the line. Her coach, Dave Wood, claims Scott lives out of a duffel bag for six months of the year to get by on meager funding. But Scott, uncomplaining, wasn't thinking about that. "It's a dream come true," she said of her bronze. "It means so much for the sport in our country."

And the Olympics mean so much to the athletes. The Games are their greatest test and their most important stage. Their spirit—of joy, self-sacrifice, generosity and compassion, on and off their various fields of play—courses through every corner. And as long as that remains true, the Olympics, wars and all, will still be worth watching. **ED**

Sports Editor James Deacon covered the Salt Lake Games, the 1998 Olympics for Masters's.



The Olympics have taken a well-deserved beating, but there were stirring stories in Salt Lake



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